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Cambridge

March 5th. 1852.

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JAMES HAY BEATTIE, A.M.

Published by J. Mawman June 1. 1801. London.

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Miss Mary Montgomery

THE

MINSTREL:

IN TWO BOOKS.

WITH SOME OTHER POEMS.

BY

JAMES BEATTIE, LL. D.

TO WHICH ARE NOW ADDED,

MISCELLANIES.

BY

JAMES HAY BEATTIE, A. M.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MISCELLANIES

BY

JAMES HAY BEATTIE, A. M.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER,

BY

JAMES BEATTIE, LL. D.

A NEW EDITION.

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TO THE HONOURABLE

COSMO GORDON, Esq.

One of the Barons of his Majesty's Exchequer;

TO

SIR WILLIAM FORBES, Bart.

Of Pitsligo;

TO

ROBERT ARBUTHNOT, Esq.

Secretary to the Honourable board of Trustees, for Fisheries, Manufactures, and Improvements in Scotland;

AND TO

JAMES MERCER, Esq.

Formerly Major of the Forty-ninth Regiment.

TO you, MY DEAR FRIENDS, I beg leave to inscribe this little Miscellany. To you its Author was well known: ye were pleased even from his childhood, to interest yourselves in his welfare: and towards you,

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on account of your eminent virtues and abilities, and of that unreserved and uninterrupted friendship with which he knew ye had, for more than thirty years, honoured his father, his gratitude and veneration were peculiarly strong. These are the reasons which induce me to take the liberty of addressing you on the present occasion.

Of my conduct in making this collection there is one circumstance which may seem to need an apology; and that is, my putting together in the same volume pieces so different in style and character. I might say, that many writers and editors have done the same thing without incurring blame. But I have another, and perhaps a better reason. I wished to give such proofs as could be had, and might be published, of the various talents of the Author; and for the sake of the example,

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to show, that, though studious and learned, he was neither austere nor formal; and that in him the strictest piety and modesty were united with the utmost chearfulness, and even playfulness, of disposition.

I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your ever-obliged and

Most faithful Friend and Servant,

JAMES BEATTIE.

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CONTENTS

PAGE

Of the Author's Life and Character 1

ESSAYS AND FRAGMENTS, IN PROSE AND VERSE.

Fragments of a Poem on the Excellence of Christianity 61
Messias 75
In obitum Ricardi West 80
Sonnet (by Mr. Gray) on the Death of Mr. Richard West 18
Delia 82
Dirge in Cymbeline, by Mr. Collins 83
Poematis, cui titulis the Minstrel, Fragmentum . 86
From the Minstrel, Book II. Stanz. 17, 18 . . 87
Cantilena 88
Scotch Song 89
Ad Petripromonotorium Invitatio 90
Invitation to Peterhead 91
Ode 94
Hunting 96
Cantilena 98
Song By ——— 99
Lines adapted to a favourite Military Air . . 102
On the Death of Mr. James Valentine 103

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Gulielmo Wilson, Chirurgo, A. M. in Indiam Occidentalem Navigaturo. Ode 107
In Obitum Nobilis Infortunatæ Elegia. Pope's Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady 110
Vulteius Eques 114
Ex Poemate cui titulis the Castle of Indolence . 118
Epistle 119
The Modern Tippling Philosophers 123
Fashion. A Dialogue 129
Epitaph on Diophantus 136
Epitaphium Diophanti 137
Lethe. A ballad 138
The Descent of Timothy 140
Tom Jones 146
Horace. Epist. I. 5. *imitated* 145
Horace. Epist. I. 18. *imitated* 149
Dialogues of the Dead. I. Addison, Johnson . 157
II. Socrates, Johnson, and a Fine Gentleman . 171
III. Swift, a Bookseller, and Mercury . . 178

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OF THE

AUTHOR's

LIFE AND CHARACTER.

November 28, 1790.

I INTEND to write a short account of the life, education, and character of my Son, now deceased. It will innocently, and perhaps not unprofitably, amuse some hours of this melancholy season, when my mind can settle on nothing else; and, whether it be published or not, a circumstance on which I have as yet formed no resolution, it will be an acceptable present to those to whom I may send it. The account, though drawn up by the hand of a friend, will not in any particular be erroneous. In order to convey a favourable notion of the person of whom I speak, I have nothing to do, but to tell the simple truth.

JAMES HAY BEATTIE was born in Aberdeen the sixth of November, in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty eight. He was baptized *James Hay*, by permission of JAMES HAY EARL OF ERROL, who had patronized me at an early period of my life,

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and ever after honoured me with his friendship: a nobleman, who, to a competent knowledge of classical learning, and other accomplishments becoming his rank, joined uncommon elegance, dignity, and affability of manners; with benevolence unbounded; an exemplary regard to the institutions of religion; and spirit of true patriotism, whereof those parts of his country, with which he was connected, do still feel, and it is hoped will long feel, the salutary influence.

To parents, and other near relations, infancy is very interesting; but can hardly supply any thing of narrative. My son's was in no respect remarkable, unless, perhaps, for a mildness and docility of nature, which adhered to him through life. I do not remember that I ever had occasion to reprove him above three or four times: bodily chastisement he never experienced at all. It would indeed have been most unreasonable to apply this mode of discipline to one, whose supreme concern it ever was to know his duty, and to do it.

The first rules of morality I taught him were, to speak truth, and keep a secret; and I never found that in a single instance he transgressed either.

The doctrines of religion I wished to impress on his mind, as soon as it might be prepared to receive them; but I did not see the propriety of making him

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commit to memory theological sentences, or any sentences, which it was not possible for him to understand. And I was desirous to make a trial how far his own reason could go in tracing out with a little direction, the great and first principle of all religion, the being of God. The following fact is mentioned not as a proof of superior sagacity in him (for I have no doubt that most children would in like circumstances think as he did,) but merely as a moral or logical experiment.

He had reached his fifth [or sixth] year, knew the alphabet, and could read a little; but had received no particular information with respect to the Author of his being; because I thought he could not yet understand such information; and because I had learned from my own experience, that to be made to repeat words not understood is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young mind. In a corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in the mould, with my finger, the three initial letters of his name; and, sowing garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground. Ten days after, he came running to me, and with astonishment in his countenance told me, that his name was growing in the garden. I smiled at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it; but he insisted on my going to see what

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had happened. Yes, said I carelessly, on coming to the place, I see it is so; but there is nothing in this worth notice; it is mere chance: and I went away. He followed me, and, taking hold of my coat, said with some earnestness, it could not be mere chance; for that some body must have contrived matters so as to produce it.—I pretend not to give his words, or my own, for I have forgotten both: but I give the substance of what passed between us in such language as we both understood.—So you think, I said, that what appears so regular as the letters of your name cannot be by chance. Yes, said he, with firmness, I think so. Look at yourself, I replied, and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you? He said, they were. Came you then hither, said I, by chance? No, he answered, that cannot be; something must have made me. And who is that something, I asked. He said, he did not know. (I took particular notice, that he did not say, as Rousseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say, that his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at: and saw, that his reason taught him, (though he could not so express it) that what begins to be must have a cause, and that what is formed with regularity must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him

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the name of the Great Being who made him and all the world: concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either it, or the circumstance that introduced it.

At home, from his mother and me, he learned to read and write. His pronunciation was not correct, as may well be supposed: but it was deliberate and significant, free from provincial peculiarities, and such as an Englishman would have understood; and afterwards, when he had passed a few summers in England, it became more elegant than what is commonly heard in North Britain. He was early warned against the use of Scotch words and other similiar impropriеties; and his dislike to them was such, that he soon learned to avoid them; and, after he grew up, could never endure to read what was written in any of the vulgar dialects of Scotland.

When he had compleated his seventh year, being now a good reader, a ready writer, and well acquainted with the catechism published by the pious and learned Dr. Watts, I made him attend the grammar school of Aberdeen; where he acquired with facility and exactness, the elements of the Latin tongue; and read those parts of the classick authors which are usually taught in our schools. About the same time

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he studied at home with me some of the best tales in Ovid's Metamorphosis, and several books of Virgil. I was at particular pains to instruct him in certain niceties of the grammatical and critical art, which are not found in the most common grammars, and by little and little to initiate him in the principles of universal or philosophical grammar. This, he told me afterwards, was of great use to him. Ovid did not much engage his attention, though he was well enough pleased with Deucalion's deluge, Phaeton, Cadmus, Acteon and his dogs; but it was easy to see, from the interest he took in Virgil's narrative, and the emphasis with which, of his own accord, he pronounced his verses, that he was wonderfully affected with the harmony and other excellencies of that poet. He has told me since, that he then got by heart several entire books of the Eneid, and took great delight in repeating them when at leisure and alone: and he often, about this time, spoke with peculiar complacency of that description of night, in the fourth book (v. 522) which he said he frequently recollected, in order to sooth his mind, when any troublesome thought occurred in the night to discompose him.

Drawing he was early accustomed to, and attained considerable proficiency in: but his other avocations, and his being subject to headachs, prevented

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his applying to it so much as to become a very great proficient. The Theory of perspective was familiar to him. In ludicrous *caricatura* he had boundless invention.

Knowing that his constitution was very delicate, and finding him inclined to study rather too much than too little, I was careful, in the first part, and indeed through the whole of his life, not only to caution him against immoderate study, by informing him of its dreadful consequences; but also to contrive for him such amusements as would decoy him from his books, strengthen his body, and engage his mind. With this view, as soon as he could handle a small musquet, I put him under the tuition of a sergeant, who taught him the military exercise. Not long after, I made him attend an expert fencing master till he became very skilful in the management of the small sword. Archery, likewise, or shooting with the long bow, he practised for years, and with good success, reading Roger Ascham on the subject; and acquiring at the same time great dexterity in the use of the sling: and to these antient exercises he added those of fishing and fowling. With fire-arms I did not trust him rashly; but he was to such a degree attentive and considerate, that before his fifteenth year I found him as worthy of that trust as any person could be. He laboured for several weeks in endea-

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vouring to learn to swim, and had at that time a companion who was completely master of the art: but it appeared at last that the chillness of the sea-water did him more harm than good.

The exercise to which he seemed to have the strongest disinclination was dancing. By my advice he attended a master of it for many months, and I believe made the usual progress; but, on leaving that school, begged I would never desire him to dance: a favour which I readily granted. I know not whether he had adopted Cicero's opinion,* that no man dances who is not either drunk or mad: but he told me, that to his habits of thinking and feeling it was extremely incongruous, being in most particulars too finical, and in every particular too ostentatious.

He left off fowling, when about the age of seventeen; in his papers of that time I find hints of his being not quite satisfied of its lawfulness. Fishing, however, he did not discontinue; he made indeed a study of it, or at least of Isaac Walton's very ingenious and entertaining book on that subject: for he thought there could be no sin in doing what was practised, or countenanced, by the first teachers of Christianity. Those sorts of it he never engaged in, which give great pain, or protract the sufferings of the poor

* Pro Murænа.

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animal. In all the little manufactures of the angler he was completely skilled; as well as in all the arts of the fowler, even to the training of a setting dog. This, with many other trifling particulars (as some would think them) I mention, that the reader may see, it was not my purpose to force him, by too rapid a progress, from childhood into premature manhood; which I have seen attempted by well meaning parents, but never with desirable success: I wished him to prepare himself, in early youth, by little and little, for acting the part of a man; but, in the mean time, not to forget that he was a boy.

At the age of thirteen, having passed through the forms of the grammar school, giving the utmost satisfaction to all his masters, he was entered a student in Marischal college. The first, or *Greek*, class, as it is called, he attended two years; as I was anxious that he should be a proficient in that noble language, which is every where too much neglected: so that, as a student of languages, mathematicks, and philosophy, he attended college five years: a year more than is usually thought necessary in Scotland, or at least in the university of Marischal college, to qualify one for the first academical degree, of Master of Arts. He studied Greek under Mr. Professor Stuart; Natural and Civil History under Dr. Skene; Natural Philosophy under Mr. Professor Copland; Ma-

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thematicks, under Dr. Hamilton; Chemistry, under Dr. French; and Moral Philosophy, Logick, and Rhetorick, under my care. In all the sciences, his proficiency was so great, that the fondest and most ambitious parent could not have wished it greater; and his whole behaviour, at school and college, was not only irreproachable, but exemplary. He was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts in April 1786.

About this time, the botanical and other writings of Linnæus caught his attention, and he studied them with great assiduity and delight; being much assisted in that study by his and my learned friends Dr. Campbell, Principal of Marischal college, and Dr. Laing, minister of the church-of-England congregation at Peterhead. Theology also he studied under the care of Dr. Campbell and Dr. Gerrard. But this was not the commencement of his theological pursuits; for from his early youth he had studied the Holy Scriptures, which he justly thought to contain the only infallible system of Christian faith. When he went from home, if he meant to be absent a few weeks or days, he took with him a pocket Bible and the Greek New Testament: and among his papers I find a little book of Remarks on the Hebrew grammar; from which it appears he had made progress in that language.

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On the fourth of June one thousand seven hundred and eighty seven, his Majesty, upon the recommendation of the university of Marischal college, was pleased to appoint him Assistant professor of Moral Philosophy and Logick. His age was then not quite nineteen; but to the gentlemen of the university his character was so well known, that they most readily, as well as unanimously, concurred in the recommendation. It may be thought, that I chose for him his way of life; and indeed I did so: but not till after he had given me the most explicit assurance, that he preferred it to every other. When I told him, that in this station he might be very useful, but could never be rich; his answer was, that he had never wished to be rich, and that to be useful was his highest ambition. His fondness for an academical life I had long observed: and, although I knew him sufficiently qualified to be a professor of any of the sciences usually taught in universities, except Law and Physic, (in both which, however, he had made considerable progress) I saw, with no little satisfaction, that moral philosophy, and the sciences allied to it, were the most congenial to his talents and character.

On being inducted into his office he thought it his duty to lay for some time other studies aside, and apply himself, solely or chiefly, to what he thought,

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might be the business of his life. This, considering what he had already acquired of the moral sciences, I knew to be unnecessary, and told him so; desiring him to amuse himself with lighter studies, till his bodily constitution should be more firmly established. He followed my advice; but at spare hours read the best writers on the abstract philosophy, particularly Dr. Reid, Dr. Campbell, Bishop Butler, Dr. Clarke, and Mr. Baxter, author of an excellent treatise on the incorporeal nature of the human soul. When I asked whether he understood Baxter, and Butler, and Clarke's demonstration *a priori* of the Divine Existence, telling him that I had formerly thought them not a little abstruse, he said he was not sensible of their abstruseness; for that to the same modes of thinking he had been accustomed for several years; and I found by his conversation, and have since found more particularly by the papers he has left, that he understood them perfectly.

He had before this time acquired the elements of musical performance; I advised him now to apply to it with assiduity; knowing, by my own experience, that after the fatigue of study it might be an innocent and useful recreation. He did so; and learned to perform with good expression upon the organ and violin; studying at the same time the theory of the art, in the works of Pasquali and Holden;

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and, that he might see the theory exemplified, perusing, with his wonted accuracy, some of the most elegant and affecting compositions of Handel, Corelli, Geminiani, Avison, and Jackson. These were the musical authors who stood highest in his esteem. The musick just now in vogue had no charms for him: he said it wanted simplicity, pathos, and harmony; and in the execution depended so much on rapidity of finger, or what may be called slight of hand, that practitioners must throw away more time than he could spare, before they could acquire any dexterity in it. He was delighted with the sweet and classical correctness of Corelli; and with the affecting melodies of Jackson, so well adapted to the words that accompany them: but the variety and sublimity of Handel's invention filled him with rapture and astonishment. He thought him the Shakspeare of musick, or rather the Shakspeare and Milton united; and many of his simpler songs he could sing very agreeably, enforcing their expression with a thorough bass on the organ. He was pleased too with some of the ancient Scotch and Welch airs; but made no account of the quick jigging Scotch tunes, though he did not think them all equally bad. He had studied *counterpoint* and was profoundly skilled in it; I find among his papers a great deal written on that subject; and I have seen fugues of his contrivance, which would not have discredited a more

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experienced musician. When I asked what made him think of studying the theory as well as practice of musick, he said, that, as it was impossible, without knowing prosody, and the laws of versification, to have a just sense of the harmony of Homer and Virgil, so he thought he could not be suitably affected with musical harmony, if he did not understand the principles on which it is constructed.—I shall only add, with respect to musick, that, though I recommended it to him, I would by no means do so to all indiscriminately. To such young persons as are in any degree ostentatious, or inclined, more than they ought to be, to amusement and company, I think it a dangerous study.

Though my son was now my assistant and colleague, it was not my intention to devolve upon him any of the duties of my office; those excepted for which I might be disqualified by bad health. For I had long taken pleasure in the employment; and I wished him to be a little further advanced in life, before he should be engaged in the more laborious parts of it. My health, however, during the winter 1787-88 was in such a state, that recovery seemed doubtful; and he was obliged, sooner than I wished, to give proof of ability in his profession. In this respect he acquitted himself, as in all others. His steadiness, good-nature, and command of temper,

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secured his authority as a teacher; and by his presence of mind, and ready recollection, he satisfied his audience that, though young, he was abundantly qualified to instruct them. The talents that form a publick speaker he possessed in an eminent degree. As he could not allow himself to study any thing superficially, all his knowledge was accurate, and in his memory so well arranged, that he was never at a loss; his language perspicuous and correct, flowing easily, without hesitation, hurry, or apparent effort; his voice distinct and manly; his manner never declamatory, or ostentatious, but simple, concise, and to the purpose: and he was at all times singularly happy in recollecting familiar examples to illustrate his subject. In this last respect; I mean in passing instantaneously from one thought or image to another that was *like it;* he possessed such exuberance and correctness of fancy, especially in familiar conversation, that I have often thought, if he had been ambitious to appear in the world as a *man of wit,* that he would not have met with many superiors. But he had no such ambition, he would amuse himself in this way, to divert me, or any other intimate friend, but could not bear to draw upon himself public notice.

In general company, indeed, he was (though not awkward) modest to a degree that bordered on bash-

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fulness, and so silent, that some people would have thought him inattentive. But nothing escaped his observation; though what he had observed he never applied to any improper purpose. And I have known, not any other person of his, and very few persons of any, age, who with so penetrating an eye discerned the characters of men. I, who knew his opinions on all subjects, do not remember any instance of his being in this respect mistaken. Yet so careful was he to avoid giving offence, that none but a few of his most intimate friends, knew that he had such a talent.—I know not whether I ought to mention, that in what is called Mimickry he exceeded almost every other person I have known, But my advice was not necessary to prevent his cultivating that art. On the stage it may have its use: but in private life he knew how improper it is, and how dangerous; and of his own accord left it off entirely, with my hearty approbation.

Although with a few minutes of preparation, and a few written notes, (as he wrote short hand with the utmost readiness) he could qualify himself sufficiently for giving an hour's lecture on most topicks that occur in Moral Philosophy and Logick, yet he wished to comprehend the whole course in a series of written prelections. The composing of these would, he rightly thought, make him master of his

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business; and to these, when they were composed, he could trust as a provision, if bad health should at any time render him unequal to the effort of lecturing extempore. But of this plan he did not live to execute the tenth part.

To make the young scholar perform exercises in Latin verse, is not now customary, so far as I know, in any of the schools of North Britain: which I have long thought a deficiency in our discipline. I wished him to attempt this mode of composition, resolving, however, not to urge it, if he should find it difficult. Accordingly, as soon as I knew him to be sufficiently master of antient prosody, I advised him to write Latin verses. He said, he did not think he could do it, but that, since I desired it, he would make a trial, provided I gave him a subject. A lobster happening to be on the table, I proposed that as the argument of his first essay; and next day he brought me four hexameters, which considering his age and inexperience (for he was then only fourteen,) I thought tolerable, and I encouraged him to make further trials, when he should find himself in the humour and at leisure. He continued from time to time to amuse himself in this way, and soon acquired a facility in it. He found it, he said, of the greatest advantage in giving him a ready command of Latin phraseology; by obliging him to think in that lan-

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guage, and to revolve in his mind a variety of synonymous expressions, while in quest of that which would suit the measure and sound of his verse. It must not be imagined that he lost much time in this study. He applied to it very seldom, and when he had nothing else to do, and never, for so I advised, above half an hour in one day. Being urged by me to declare how much he might do in that half hour, he owned, with a modest reluctance natural to him on such occasions, that in half an hour he would sometimes compose from ten to fifteen or twenty lines. Were all the half hours he ever employed in this exercise to be thrown into one sum, they would not amount to fourteen days.

Among his Latin compositions, I find one or two original odes, and some epistles in imitation of Horace;* and translations of several favourite English songs, of some detached stanzas from the *Castle of Indolence*, and of some parts of the *Minstrel*. Whether he purposed to make a complete version of this last poem, I know not: his partiality to it was no doubt

* The most humorous, and one of the longest, of his poetical essays, is a Latin epistle (in imitation of Horace) giving a description of a public entertainment: but to private characters, though it is not satirical, it has so many allusions, that I suppress it, as I know he himself would have done.

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excessive; which the good-natured reader will pardon.

In November 1786 he translated into Latin verse Pope's *Elegy* on an unfortunate lady, and the *Messiah* of the same poet. The former were printed, but without a name; the latter never received his last emendations. In both these pieces, as well as in the version of *Sir Balaam*, the translation has the same number of lines with the original. His notions of translation were as strict as those of Horace;* he

* It is strange that the passage of Horace here alluded to (Epist. ad Pison. v. 133.) should have been so generally understood to mean just the contrary of what the poet intended; as if he had been there laying down rules for *translation*, and disapproving of literal or close translations. The meaning of those words, *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus Interpres*, viewed in their connection with what immediately goes before and follows, is this: "It is difficult and "hazardous to invent new fables and characters; and a dra-"matic poet may do better to take the subject of his piece "from Homer, than to make the whole of it new. But, in "doing this, that he may not incur the blame of exhibiting "as his own what belongs to another, he must be careful, "first, not to make his fable exactly the same with that of "the original author; secondly, not to translate his words *li-"terally, as a faithful interpreter would do*, and lastly, to "conduct his play according to the genius not of epic, but "of tragic composition."—Terence was not ashamed of having translated literally: (see Prolog. ad Adelph. (and

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thought it should be as literal as the genius of the language into which it is made will permit; and that, as closely as possibly, it should imitate the spirit, especially the simplicity and conciseness, and (if poetical) the harmony, of the original. Of paraphrastical, or, as they have been called, *free* translations, he did not approve. He thought the *freedom* of such interpreters might be occasioned rather by want of critical skill in their own or their author's language: than by correctness of taste or luxuriancy of genius; at any rate, whether meant to conceal ignorance, or improve the original author, he thought that such versions were misrepresentations, and therefore unjustifiable. On this principle he must have condemned some juvenile attempts of mine: but I have reason to think he never saw them; and I was too much ashamed of them to direct his attention that way.

The poetical translation he admired most was Dobson's *Paradisus Amissus;* which is indeed more exact, more spirited, more elegant, and more like its original, than any other I have seen: I cannot account for its being so much neglected. He also esteemed very highly Mr. Potter's translations of the Greek tragedies. In the Virgil of Dryden he owned there

they who are acquainted with that author will not suppose, either that his translations were inelegant; or that they would have been more elegant if they had been less literal.

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were good lines; but was disgusted with that translator's inattention, in too many places, to the sense, and still more conspicuous inattention, to the spirit, of his original. Of Pope's Homer he may have read parts, but never I think went through the whole. He thought it a pleasing English Poem, but by no means a faithful exhibition of the genius of Homer. On his own attempts in translation he set no value. He engaged in them as exercises, merely for improving himself, or amusing me; and when he had put them in my hand, and heard what I thought of them, which I own was always favourable, he commonly left them with me, and made no further inquiry about them. The version of Pope's Unfortunate Lady was printed by my desire, and almost against his will: it was never published; but I sent copies of it to some of our friends.

The reader has seen my motive for recommending as an exercise the composition of Latin verses. I had not the same reason for wishing him to engage in English poetry. And I had known instances of young men mistaking the talent of writing smooth verses (a talent which may be easily acquired) for poetical genius; and thence following that idle trade to their own great disadvantage. I had therefore determined, in case of his attempting it, to dissuade the attempt, if I did not see in his first essays undoubted

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indications of poetical invention, with numbers animated, and varied according to the subject: and such dissuasion from me I knew *he* would receive with thankfulness, and without being either disheartened or offended.

Among his Latin Poems, there is an Alcaick or Horatian ode on Peterhead, which at my desire he translated into English verse. It contains an elegant though brief account of the scenery and society which he met with in that town and neighbourhood. He had an attachment to Peterhead, and wished to pass part of every summer there; in which I was always willing to indulge him. The causes of this attachment were neither few nor trivial. The air of the place had several times restored his health, when it was declining: the kind attentions shewn him by the better sort of the people, and their modest and simple manners, had won his heart: and the situation of the town, almost surrounded by the sea, and in the neighbourhood of a pleasant river and of some of the finest downs in Great Britain, was very favourable to fishing, rowing, archery, shooting, walking, and other exercises in which he delighted. Here, too, he had the company and conversation of our learned and pious Friend the reverend Doctor William Laing; who loved him with great affection; taught him many things relating to physic, botany, mechanicks, mu-

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sick, &c.; and took a particular pleasure in devising expedients to amuse him.*

One of the greatest attempts he ever made in poetry was a didactic poem in English, on the excellency of the Christian Religion, and its peculiar efficacy in improving and perfecting the human soul. He meant, if I mistake not, to extend it to three books; the first of which, consisting of about six hundred lines, had been sketched out before I heard of it.

* As an evidence of this gentleman's attachment, I take the liberty to quote the following passage from a letter which he sent me a few weeks after my son's death. "As to any "memorials of my dear Friend, I have no need of them for "keeping up the remembrance of him. There is not a cor- "ner in my house, where I do not find his handwriting in- "termixed with mine: there is not an article of any study "or science that I can think on, where I do not find his "sentiments and mine embodied together, and in regard to "which I do not immediately think what he would have "said upon the subject. And not only do I find him every "where within the house; but also, when I go into the "fields, there is not a spot of ground that does not remind "me of him: nay, I no sooner fix my attention upon any "plant, than it brings into my mind when and where we "first settled its *genus* and *species*. How I shall be able to "bear the view of our summer haunts and walks without "his company, if it should please God to spare me to see "them, I do not yet know; but the thought of it is at pre- "sent very painful to me."

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This was, I believe, his first *serious* effort in English verse. I was much pleased with the sentiments, and, I own, not a little surprised (considering the author's age) at the energy of expression, vivacity of description, and apposite variety of numbers, that appeared in several passages. On the whole I was satisfied, that he had a poetical genius; which, when matured by years, and improved by practice, might, I fondly thought, produce something considerable. But diffident of my own opinion, which in a case of this kind might naturally enough be liable to undue influence, I showed it to some friends; who I thought would be more impartial, as they were more competent, judges. They were pleased to think of it even more highly than I did, and gave him every encouragement to persevere. His absence, however, from home, and various avocations, caused a long intermission of the work: and, when those difficulties were removed, his anxiety to prepare himself for a right discharge of his duty as a professor, determined him to lay aside for some time this favourite project; and I heard nothing of it for a great while. About a year before his death, I asked him what was become of it. He said, that, as soon as he had disengaged himself from his present course of study, he intended to resume, and, if possible, to finish it, and that he had it much at heart to do so: "but," con-

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tinued he, "I shall make material alterations in the "plan, and I believe there is hardly a line that will "not undergo correction." When, after his death I called to mind this circumstance, and found, on inspecting his papers, that no alteration had been made (the reason of which will presently appear) I was at first inclined, in justice to his memory, to suppress the whole. It was, however, suggested, that this would be rather injurious to his memory: that it was right it should be known that he had such a design, and had formed such a plan: that extracts from the poem would throw light on his character, and do honour both to his heart and to his understanding: and that there was no reason to fear, that the severity of criticism would ever be exerted against a performance, written (hastily, I believe, though with a benevolent purpose) at the age of seventeen, and of which the author's subsequent studies and early death had prevented even the revisal.

Of his ludicrous verses (the greater part of which will never appear) I have little to say, but that most of them were written for my amusement, though few by my desire, and all with surprising facility. I shall give one example. While he and I were talking one evening of the humorous English ballad that begins with these words "Diogenes surly and proud," &c.; in which, from peculiarities in the lives and doctrines

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of the antient philosophers, it is proved, by ironical arguments, that they must all have been addicted to drinking; I happened to say, it was pity our modern sages were not in the same way celebrated in a second part. Two days after he brought me the stanzas that have the name of *The modern tippling Philosophers*; in which the spirit of the old ballad seems to be supported with equal humour, and certainly not inferior learning.

Observing, early in the year 1788, that his health had suffered from the fatigues of the winter, and much more, I believe, from anxiety on account of my illness; and knowing, that he had a genius in mechanicks, and was master of the theory of organ-building; I proposed, that he should pass the ensuing summer at Peterhead, and there, with Dr. Laing's assistance, superintend the building of an organ for himself. This was in due time executed. The work employed him about five months; and the amusement he derived from it, and the musick with which it afterwards supplied him, had the happiest effects on his constitution. And, to complete his satisfaction, my health had become better: and the organ, when he had set it up, and tuned it, was found to be singularly good in its kind. We had now little musical entertainments twice or thrice a week; which, though to a modish audience they might have ap-

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peared unfashionable, were highly pleasing to us, and to those friends who were sometimes present at them. Three of our small band could sing pretty well: and to the instrumental part of the concert a violin, violoncello, and organ, gave tolerable variety.

Some weeks before the commencement of his last illness, he asked whether I had any objection to his studying physick. I was a little alarmed at the question, and asked in my turn, whether upon trial he had found his office in the college less agreeable than he thought it would be. "Quite the contrary," he replied, "I have found it even more to my mind "than I expected." He proceeded to explain himself, to the best of my remembrance, in the following words. "I foresee that when I shall have pre-"pared a few lectures, our long summer vacation "will afford me abundance of leisure. It is true "that, in the study of nature and art, a man can "never be without the means of improvement and "liberal recreation. But there is a duty more indis-"pensable, which I am anxious to have it in my "power to discharge; I mean, that of relieving the "sufferings of my fellow creatures. To appear in "the world as a physician, or to accept of money for "what I may do in a medical character, is not my "plan: Providence has so ordered matters, that I "can live, as well as I wish to live, without that:

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"but I would fain be useful, occasionally to my "friends, and to the poor especially; for whom how- "ever I will not take it upon me to prescribe, till I "shall have gone through a complete course of medi- "cal study." I told him it was impossible for me to object to a scheme undertaken from motives so laudable: "all the restraint I would impose, added I, "is what to you I am continually recommending, "moderate application. Anatomy, botany, che- "mistry, you already know, and are not ignorant of "pharmacy. Study physick, therefore, since you "desire it; but let it be now and then only, when "you are at leisure; and you will soon be as great "a proficient as many others are, who acquit them- "selves in that profession both creditably and use- "fully." It appears from his papers, that he had been very eager to prepare himself for doing good in this new employment. But the time was now at hand, when all his plans of benovolence were to cease, and all his pursuits in literature.

In the night of the thirtieth of November 1789 he was suddenly seized with a violent fit of fever, attended with excessive trembling and shivering, such as seemed to threaten his immediate dissolution. Medical assistance was instantly procured, and before morning a perspiration ensued, which freed him from fever, but left him weak and languid. This night

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must be considered as the end of his literary career; for though he lived almost a year longer, he was never after able to engage in study that required any energy of mind. From this time to his death the night sweats continued to molest him, though they were not often violent: and now a decline came on, wonderfully gradual, though it seemed in general to gain a little ground every week. He made, however, his daily excursions; and in February was still able to walk a few miles without fatigue. Attempts were made to prepare him for a journey in a post chaise; but without success: every experiment of this kind, however cautiously conducted, being followed by a fit of fever unusually severe. Riding on horseback he had never found beneficial, and at this time could not bear at all. Still, however, it was supposed, by the physicians, as well as by himself, and by me, as he had no cough, nor difficulty in breathing, nor indeed any positive pain, that nothing worse was the matter than what is called a relaxation of the nervous system; and that, when the season would permit, a few weeks of Peterhead would set him up again, as had happened to him several times in cases apparently similiar. To get thither he was more anxious than I ever saw him about any other thing that concerned himself. Thither accordingly we went the nineteenth of April, and he bore the journey bet-

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ter than I expected. But next day a dreadful storm set in of rain and wind, which continued a week, during which it was impossible for him to leave his room. This confinement broke down his strength so much, that he could no longer walk without leaning on somebody's arm; nor bear the motion of a carriage, unless it went very slowly. His case was now called a *nervous atrophy*; and the physicians candidly informed me that, though not desperate, it was dangerous in the extreme. I need not give a detail of the transactions of this summer. Let it suffice to say, that he had every advantage that could be derived from the most skilful and affectionate physicians, particularly Sir Alexander Bannerman, Dr. Skene, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Laing, and Mr. Wilson, surgeon, who was his intimate friend, and who not only attended, but almost constantly sat by him the four last months of his life. By the goodness of Providence, every thing was procured for him that the physicians recommended. Twice I went with him to sea; and the first attempt (an excursion of ten leagues from Peterhead to Aberdeen) succeeded so well, that he was anxious to make a second; which, however, had, as I feared it would have, disagreeable consequences, though nothing materially pernicious followed it. In the end of June, a cough made its appearance; and it was then I began to lose hopes

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of his recovery, as I have reason to think he also did: he saw death approaching, and met it with his usual calmness and resignation. "How pleasant a medi- "cine is Christianity!" he said one evening, while he was expecting the physician, whom he had sent for, in the belief that he was just going to expire. Sometimes he would endeavour to reconcile my mind to the thought of parting with him; but, for fear of giving me pain, spoke seldom and sparingly on that subject. His composure he retained, as well as the full use of his rational faculties, to the last; nor did his wit and humour forsake him, till he was no longer able to smile, or even to speak except in a whisper. His last allusion to literature, and probably the last time his favourite Virgil occurred to his mind, was on occasion of some difference of opinion happening when he was present, between Mr. Wilson and me, about the meaning of a Greek word. To give him a little amusement, I referred the matter to him. AH! said he with a smile, (finding himself unable to say more) FUIMUS TROES.

One day, long before the little incident last mentioned, when I was sitting by him, soon after our second return from sea, he began to speak in very affectionate terms, as he often did, of what he called my goodness to him. I begged him to drop that subject; and was proceeding to tell him that I had

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never done any thing for him but what duty required and inclination prompted; and that for the little I had done his filial piety and other virtues were to me more than a sufficient recompence,—when he interrupted me (which he was not apt to do) and starting up, with inexpressible fervour and solemnity, implored the blessing of God upon me. His look at that moment, though I shall never forget it, I can describe in no other way than by saying, that it seemed to have in it something more than human, and what I may, not very improperly perhaps, call angelic. Seeing me agitated, he expressed concern for what he had done, and said that, whatever might be in his mind, he would not any more put my feelings to so severe a trial. Sometimes, however, warm sentiments of gratitude would break from him: and those were the only occasions on which, during the whole course of his illness, he was observed to shed tears;—till the day before his death; when he desired to see his brother, gave him his blessing, wept over him, and bid him farewell.

As his life drew towards a close, his pains abated considerably, and he passed a good deal of time in sleep. When I asked him whether his dreams were distressing, he said, "No; for he sometimes dream-"ed of walking with me; which was an idea peeu-"liarly soothing to his mind."

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At seven in the morning of the nineteenth of November 1790, he said his throat was dry, and desired a draught to be given him. Mr. Wilson stept to the table to fetch it; but, before he got back to the bedside, the last breath was emitted, without a groan or even a sigh.

Over his grave, in the churchyard of St. Nicolas in Aberdeen, is erected a piece of marble, with the following inscription:

JACOBO. HAY. BEATTIE. JACOBI. F.
PHILOS. IN. ACAD. MARISCHAL. PROFESSORI.
ADOLESCENTI.
EA. MODESTIA.
EA. SUAVITATE. MORUM.
EA. BENEVOLENTIA. ERGA. OMNES.
EA. ERGA. DEUM. PIETATE.
UT. HUMANUM. NIHIL. SUPRA.
IN. BONIS. LITERIS.
IN. THEOLOGIA.
IN. OMNI. PHILOSOPHIA.
EXERCITATISSIMO.
POETÆ. INSUPER.
REBUS. IN. LEVIORIBUS. FACETO.
IN. GRANDIORIBUS. SUBLIMI.
QUI. PLACIDAM. ANIMAM. EFFLAVIT.
XIX. NOVEMB. MDCCXC.
ANNOS. HABENS. XXII. DIESQUE. XIII.
PATER. MOERENS. H. M. P.

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****

MONTAGU. BEATTIE.
JACOBI. HAY. BEATTIE. FRATER.
EJUSQUE. VIRTUTUM. ET. STUDIORUM.
ÆMULUS.
SEPULCHRIQUE. CONSORS.
VARIARUM. PERITUS. ARTIUM.
PINGENDI. IMPRIMIS.
NATUS. OCTAVO. JULII. MDCCLXXVIII.
MULTUM. DEFLETUS. OBIIT.
DECIMO. QUARTO. MARTII. MDCCXCVI.

Of James Hay Beattie's character and opinions I shall subjoin some further particulars, which could not be conveniently introduced in the preceding narrative. I set them down as they occur, without attempting arrangement.

Piety and meekness were striving features in his character, habitual to him in infancy, and through life. I find among his papers forms of devotion, composed for his own use. The Christian Religion and its evidences he had studied with indefatigable application; and the consequence was such, as may be always expected in like cases, where the enquirer has candour and sense: no person could love his religion more than he did, or believe in it with fuller assurance of faith. But in his behaviour there was no austerity or singularity. Even when he came to be

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a man, he had, when in health, and in the company of his intimate friends, all the playfulness of a boy. The effect of religion upon his mind was, to make him chearful, considerate, benevolent, intrepid, humble, and happy. Of the contracted principles and unamiable prejudices of sectaries he had no conception. He loved all the human race; he bore a particular love to all Christians; and he wished all parties to exercise Christian charity towards each other. The church of England he held in high veneration, and was also attached to the church of Scotland in which he had been educated; he knew that, in respect of doctrine, the principles of both are the same; and, as to the different forms of ecclesiastical discipline and worship, he did not think he had any right to affect singularity, or to molest the peace of either church by clamouring about matters of no essential importance. He wished to be, and to be considered as, a CHRISTIAN: a title, which he thought infinitely more honourable than any other. The words Lutheran and Calvinist he well understood, but set no value on them; though he was ever ready to own his obligations to those learned men who had been instrumental in bringing about the reformation from popery.

Of modern divines his greatest favourite was Dr Clarke. He studied all that author's works with his usual accuracy, and with much delight, Even the

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controversy with Dodwell he studied: for he thought it strictly connected with what Baxter and others had taught concerning the incorporeal nature of the soul: a doctrine, of which he was a zealous defender; which he had examined as far, I believe, as human ingenuity can examine it; and on which he has left a great deal in writing, though nothing finished.

I spoke of his playfulness. In conversation with his particular friends he would display an amazing exuberance of pleasantry and humour. His knowledge of nature and extensive learning, supplied him with innumerable images; and his lively fancy, aided by simplicity of diction and a ready eloquence, enabled him to combine them into the most diverting forms that could be imagined*. He had, what perhaps all people of observation have, a slight tendency to satire; but it was of the gentlest kind; he had too much candour and good nature to be either a general satirist or a severe one. That taunting, gibing, raillery, which some people, who mistake ill-nature for wit, are so fond of, he despised and hated: he often, as his duty required, spoke in order to improve and and amend others; but never uttered a word with a

* Several passages of this Preface I have found copied, and without acknowledgement applied to another person. See Anderson's Edition of British Poets, quoted in the Monthly Review for September 1798, page 18, &c.

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view to give pain. Characters, however, there were, of which he was at no pains to conceal what he thought. If persons, notoriously profligate; or who in publick office seemed to him to have betrayed their trust; or who, rendered impudent by immorality and ignorance, ventured to retail the wretched impieties of infidelity;—if such persons happened to be spoken of in his hearing, it was easy to perceive, that his abstaining from general satire was owing to the want, not of talents, but of inclination.

I mentioned that acuteness of intellect, which enabled him to enter with facility into the abstrusest doctrines of the abstract philosophy. He possessed a talent still more useful, in which men of acute minds are sometimes deficient; and that was Good Sense. He could instantly, and almost intuitively, discern what in human conduct was right or wrong, prudent or imprudent; not only in matters of morality and science, but in the general intercourse of the world. Of his superiority in this talent I was so sensible, that, during the last four or five years of his life, I seldom resolved on any thing that had difficulty in it, without consulting him; and I never went wrong by following his advice.

The delicacy (I may even call it the purity) of his mind was greater than I have known in any other man, at least in any other young man; and, in one

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so young, was truly admirable, and worthy of imitation. He was aware of the danger of admitting indelicate or improper thoughts into his mind; for he knew that associations of ideas, disapproved both by reason as incongruous, and by conscience as immoral, might in a moment be formed, in consequence of inattention, even when there was no settled propensity to evil. To give an example or two of this delicacy, that my meaning may be understood, (one cannot be very explicit on this subject); such a book as that most contemptible one called *Scotch Presbyterian eloquence displayed* he would not have looked into on any account whatever; because he had heard, that passages of Scripture are introduced in it, for the purpose of raising laughter. Silly tales and jokes of the same nature he would sometimes hear in company (they are too often heard from those of whom better things might be expected); but he always showed displeasure at hearing, and never repeated them. And, notwithstanding his love of the talent called *Humour*, he would never read *The tale of a Tub:* because he had heard me say, that there are in it gross indecencies; and that, by forming ludicrous associations of the meanest ideas with the most awful truths of religion, it could hardly fail in some degree to disorder and debase the mind. I did not tell him this, or any thing else, in a dictatorial manner; nor did I ever

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forbid him to read that book. But his attention was continually awake, to learn, although from the slightest hint or most trivial circumstance, what might be useful in purifying his mind, regulating his conduct, or improving his understanding.

Thus formed, thus enlightened, and thus inured to consideration, a mind possessed of sensibility can never be deficient in Taste or Critical Sagacity. In this respect he was highly accomplished: of which however it is no proof to say, that at the age of eighteen he was a better judge of composition than I had been at thirty. It may be thought, that I would not neglect to explain to him the principles of good writing, as far as I knew them; and this part of my duty I did not neglect: but my diligence in it bore no proportion to his proficiency; which I impute to his natural rectitude of mind, aided by constantly reading the best authors, and abstaining, as he scrupulously did, from such as fall below, or do not rise above, mediocrity. They, who may be pleased to say, that at this rate he must have kept at a distance from what I have attempted in writing, are at liberty to think so. To me, and to every thing connected with me, he was partial: as I have acknowledged already: and they who understand human nature will not think the worse of him, either as a man, or as a critick, for having had this infir-

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mity. A dislike of *ambitious ornaments*, and, what I might almost call, an *abhorrence* of ostentation, appeared in him very early in life; and were heightened and confirmed by studying those ancient writers, particularly Homer, Xenophon, Herodotus, Cæsar, and others, who are distinguished by a severe and majectick simplicity of style.

When he began to learn the French language, of which, under an experienced teacher, he acquired very exactly the elements and pronunciation, I, remembering with what delight I had in my youth read *Telemaque*, recommended that work to his perusal, and told him he would be highly entertained with it. In this, however, I was mistaken. After going through one half, he begged I would not insist on his reading the other, at least at present. "I "acknowledge," said he, "the author's merit as a poli- "tician and moralist, and I believe he writes the "French tongue in its purity; but I have been stu- "dying Homer's Odyssey, the simplicity of which "delights me; and with this impression on my mind "I cannot just now relish the flowery descriptions of "Fenelon." He mentioned other objections, which I need not repeat. I said, he might lay Telemaque aside, till he found himself disposed to resume it, and in the mean time return to his Homer; for whose simplicity and grandeur I was much pleased to find

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that he had a true taste. He was about fifteen when this little conference passed. It may give modish readers a mean opinion of his judgment: on those who had conversed, as he had, with ancient authors, it may perhaps have a contrary effect.

Time was not allowed him for going deep into the literature of France: his favourite authors of that nation were Moliere and Boileau. Of Rousseau he knew little; and such was his opinion of Voltaire's principles and character, that he had no curiosity to inquire after his books. Of the French tongue he seemed to think, that its want of harmony, and being almost entirely made up of idiomatick phrases, rendered it unfit for the higher poetry, and for elevated composition in general; but he did not think himself sufficiently skilled in it to pretend to judge of its merit. Italian, which he would probably have found more to his mind, he meant to study, but did not live to do it.

He was a master in Greek and Latin: and in getting those languages was much aided by his skill in grammatical art; without which it is indeed impossible (though projectors have thought otherwise) to learn them with accuracy; and, if they are not accurately learned, the acquisition is not of great value. I find, by his papers, that he had exercised himself a little in Greek composition; which I believe is not

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often done in Scotland. Latin he spoke correctly and readily. In that language he and I sometimes conversed when we were by ourselves; and he soon became my superior in this as in every other talent. Most of the things I have published of late years were submitted in manuscript to his revisal, and received from him valuable emendations. What he proposed in this way I never saw reason to reject.

In a pocket-book of his, I find hints and memorandums, some in Latin, some in English, which do honour to his character:—pious purposes,—resolutions respecting his behaviour in society; and titles, and plans, of intended dissertations on various subjects. Among these is "A discourse on the Lord's prayer; "considered as an evidence of the truth of Christi- "anity." It could not, he said, be contrived either by an impostor, or by the disciples of an impostor. I have heard him talk on the subject, and was so well pleased with his reasoning, that though, in consideration of his health, I wished him to write little and seldom, I even advised him to prosecute that argument; which, however, his last illness prevented.

Another thing, which the pocket-book informs me he had resolved to *think of*, was "An essay on the "writings and genius of Aristotle." Of this great antient he was a warm but a rational admirer. He had studied his best works, particularly his Ethicks,

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Poeticks and Politicks: and, while he regretted his entangling himself so much in the trammels of a technical and unprofitable logick, owned that he found in him remarks and suggestions so uncommon and so judicious, as to merit the attention of every philosopher and scholar.

Of some others of his projected dissertations I shall just mention the titles, as I find them in the pocket-book: which will show at least, that he had an active mind, and was anxious to do good. The words marked with inverted commas are his own words.

"Essay on various parts of the evidence of Chris-
"tianity."

"A history of infidelity; with an examination of
"the lives and characters of infidel writers, and ex-
"tracts from their works."

"Essay on the unreasonableness of infidelity: con-
"sidering. 1. the doctrine which an infidel rejects
"and disobeys; 2, the arguments he resists, and his
"reasons for resisting them; 3. the hopes which he
"abandons, and what he receives in their stead:—
"with an exhortation to the study and open profes-
"sion, obedience, and defence of Christianity."

"Think of an account of the most celebrated Eng-
"lish poets, either in a set of imitations of their style
"or otherwise."

"Essay on antient prodigies and miracles."

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" Nature of the Jewish Theocracy—its reasons—
" effects—continuance."

" Remarks on the causes and cure of a disordered
" imagination. Advice to persons troubled with me-
" lancholy."

" On the pernicious effects of novel-reading, even
" where the novel is not profligate."

" Think of a Latin *dialogue of the dead* between
" Cicero and Livy, on the character and actions of
" Julius Cæsar."—Of this I find a fragment, in which the different styles of the two authors are wonderfully well imitated; but the fragment is short, not quite two quarto pages.

Yarico's complaint on being abandoned by Inkle. —Four pages of this poem (which is in the epistolary form) have been found; but both the beginning and end are lost; and the hand writing shows the manuscript to be a first draught and uncorrected. The fragment, however, contains some animated strictures on the policy that has for its foundation the *slavery of the negroes;* a subject which filled him with the utmost indignation and horror.

" Essay on the nature, criterion, and number of
" philosophical first principles.—Resolution of ma-
" thematical axioms into identical propositions."

" Thoughts on the irrationality occasioned by sleep
" and delirium; with an attempt to account for it."

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" Essay on *receiving the kingdom of heaven as a little* " *child.* Dispositions requisite to the reception of " the gospel. Why we must not expect its evidence " to appear in its full force at first."

" Essay to prove, that the weak judgement of some " primitive christians neither could be the effect of " their religion, nor could render them partial or in- " competent judges of its evidence." He had read the writings of some of the primitive fathers.

" Essay on persons who walk in their sleep." He had formed a curious and plausible theory on this subject: but I cannot implicitly trust my memory in a case of this kind; and I do not find materials sufficient to enable me to give his sentiments on his own authority.

" Essay on the use of the Latin subjunctive mood." I find a very copious collection of examples on which he meant to establish a theory: of the theory itself there are no traces in his papers. Several years ago I have heard him talk very ingeniously on this point; but cannot now pretend to justice to do his opinion. I only remember that I thought his general principle more simple, and more comprehensive, than that of any other grammarian I had heard of.

" Essay on the reason why philosophy is said ra- " ther to show our ignoraece, than to augment our " knowledge. This accusation is occasioned by not

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" attending to the nature of philosophy; and by " supposing, that it should open the secret causes of " things when it can only compare and generalize " facts."

" Essay on disputatiousness in conversation;— " conducted by misunderstanding or misapplying the " arguments of one's antagonist; by perverse analo- " gies; by converting particular affirmations into ge- " neral principles; by attacking a general principle " from a particular exception.—Danger of maintain- " ing false principles, though apparently trifling; " from the consequences they may imply; from the " mode of reasoning they may authorise; from the " obstinate habit of disputation, vanity, and bad tem- " per, which they promote. Extensive knowledge " of the subject in hand, of logick, and of philoso- " phy in general, often necessary to qualify one for " deciding a question which all pretend to dispute " about."—Among his Latin memorandums,* I find

* Of these I subjoin a specimen.

Ecclesia bis Die Dominico adeunda semper, nisi valetudinis manifesto periculo prohibente.

Cogitationes quæ malam perturbationem quamlibet, seu periculosam, possint promovere, fovendæ nunquam. Innumeras formas pulchritudinum, et spem honestam ulteriora scientiæ reperiendi, natura proposuit, quæ animum leni cum delectatione vel mulceant vel excitent. A perturbationibus melancholicis melius erit plerumque mentem diducere, quam

a resolution against giving way to a disputatious humour in conversation. I know no person, to whom it was less necessary to form such a resolution. Dispute he hated and carefully avoided. He knew how it tends to contract and pervert the understanding, deprave the taste, sour the temper, extinguish the love of truth and of delicacy, waste precious time, and render the heart insensible to the pleasures of rational converse.

divellere. Divulsio ipsa confirmat sæpe imaginem quam velles abolere.

In colloquiis sententia (cum res postulat) proponenda modeste et breviter: fugienda omnis acerbitas et pertinacia disputandi. Rei dignitis vi sustineatur et gravitate verborum, non garrulis cavillationibus. Quid enim? Coram prudentibus agitur? Horum judicium de te sententiæ tuæ veritas conciliavit; cavillationibus non firmandum, immo minuendum. Coram stultis agitur? Non tantum tibi decoris horum assensio pariet, quantum dedecoris cavillationes istæ, quibus assensionem abitnueris.

Præteritæ levitatis animi, puerilium cavillationum, et consiliorum bonorum quæ sequi constituissem, nec sum postea secutus, et crudelitatis in animalia innoxia, summa cum pœnitentia reminiscar; vitaturus omnia posteium quorum præteritorum angat memoria.

Vitanda in colloquiis omnia, quæ malam animi levitatem indicent vel promoveant: servanda sanctissime veritas de omni re atque persona; nunquam, ne minimum quidem desereda, ut ludicrum aliquid, aut salse acerbum, inducatur. Sermonis hæc condimenta sunto, Veritas, Charitas, Modestia.

In precibus intentio animi minime remittenda, &c.

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In the memorandum book are many other hints of inquiry, on various topicks of history, mathematicks, botany, chemistry, magnetism, musick, electricity, medicine, &c.: with remarks on passages of Scripture, and of Cicero, Livy, Aristotle, Quintilian, and other authors. Of these I may perhaps be better qualified, than at present, to give an account, when I shall have found leisure to arrange his prose writings.

From the Greek drama he expected much entertainment, but was disappointed. In Sophocles he found beautiful passages, a pleasing simplicity, and moral sentences well expressed; but little incident, not much contrivance, and no very nice discrimination of character. He agreed with me in opinion, that antient tragedy must have derived its charm rather from the magnificence of the scene, than from the genius of the poet; or, at least, that there must have been, in the exhibition, some attractive circumstances, whereof we know little or nothing, and are therefore not qualified to judge. He thought, that in any one of Shakespeare's best plays, in Othello, for example, or Lear, there was more strength and variety of invention, and more knowledge of human nature, than in any dramatick author of antiquity. Of our wonderful dramatist he was a great admirer: the favourite plays were, I think, Lear, Othello, Macbeth, Henry IV. and the Merry Wives of Windsor.

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By some people, more prompt to speak and prone to censure, than acute to observe, his character was mistaken. They imputed his modesty to timorousness; and thought, or said at least, that I kept him secluded from society, obliged him to apply too much to books, and gave him no opportunities of knowing the world. In justice both to him and to myself, I must enter into some particulars on this subject.

When at home, indeed, he was not frequently seen in the street; a laudable regard to health, and a passionate love of rural scenery, leading him to daily excursions in the fields: it is also true, that of tea-tables he was no regular frequenter; and that at card-tables and in ball-rooms, (things of no small importance in a country town) he never appeared at all. By the intelligent reader, after what he has heard of him, it will not be supposed, that this was the effect of restraint on my part: on the contrary, it would have been unreasonable and cruel restraint, if in these things I had not readily complied, as I constantly did, with his inclination.

But I doubt whether any other young man in North Britain, of his years and station, had better opportunities than he, of seeing what is called the world; and a more accurate or more sagacious, observer of it, I have not known. He never was in a

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foreign country; but in England and Scotland his acquaintance was nearly as extensive as mine; and to many persons, in both countries, of great distinction in rank and literature, he had the honour to be known, and to be indebted for particular civilities. To give a list of names might be thought to savour of vanity rather than gratitude; yet it is not improbable that gratitude may one day induce me to give such a list.—Of the principles on which I conducted his education, and of his own opinion of these principles, I leave the candid reader to judge from the preceding narrative.

In infancy, his health was very delicate, and he was somewhat timorous; not more so, however, than well-natured children, who fear to offend, commonly are. But his piety and good sense, the manly exercises in which he delighted, and his being so early accustomed to the use of arms, got the better of that timidity; so that, before he grew up to manhood, he was as fearless as a man ought to be. I know not any one, in whose fortitude I could have confided more, on any perilous emergency. Several times I have seen him in danger; once particularly in Yarmouth roads, when every person on board our vessel, every person at least who was on the upper deck, imagined it was on the point of foundering. I took him by the hand, made him swallow a glass of

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wine; and, on looking at him, saw his countenance perfectly undismayed, and I believe more composed than any other in the ship. He was then in his sixteenth year.

It was also supposed by some, as he was often seen walking alone, or with me, and seldom or never with more than one companion, that he must be of an unsocial disposition. The reverse was his character; he was social, chearful, and affectionate, and by those friends who thoroughly knew him beloved even to enthusiasm. In his choice of friends, indeed, he was not hasty. For in discerning characters he was, as already observed, singularly perspicacious; and the slightest appearance of immorality, vanity, pedantry, coarse manners, or blameable levity, disgusted him; though he shewed his disgust by silence only, or withdrawing from the company.

He had a passion for visiting places that had been remarkable as the abodes of eminent men, or that retained any memorials of them; and, as in this I resembled him, we often walked together on what he called classick ground. Westminster Abbey, in the neighbourhood of which we lived several months, was a favourite haunt of his, and suggested many images and meditations. He had wandered in the bowers of Twickenham, and amidst the more majestic scenes of Blenheim and Windsor. At Oxford,

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where we passed some time, he met with many interesting objects and attentive friends. He kissed (literally he did so) the grave-stone which covers the dust of Shakespear at Stratford? and sat in the same chimney-corner, and in the same chair, in which tradition tells that the immortal bard was wont to sit. He once or twice visited the village, the house, and even the chamber (near Coltsworth in Lincolnshire) in which Sir Isaac Newton is said to have been born. The last time he and I were in Cambridge, I gratified him with a sight of those apartments in Pembroke Hall, which were once honoured with the residence of my memorable and long-lamented friend Mr. Gray; of whom he was a warm admirer, thinking him the greatest poetical genius that Britain had produced since Milton. He composed an ode inscribed "To "the genius of Gray," of which I find among his papers a few stanzas; but far the greater part is irrecoverably lost. This ode I think he wrote, or planned, while he were passing some time in 1787 at Windsor; where, from the terrace, he had a view of Stoke church, in which Gray is buried, and towards which I often found him directing his eyes.

When his curiosity was raised with respect to any work of art, he always wished to make himself master of at least the theory of it. In his early days he was skilled in various sorts of legerdemain; but left

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it off entirely, as trifling in itself, and ostentatious in the performance. One evening of his thirteenth year, he and I arrived in Newark on Trent, just as an exhibition of fire-works was beginning in the market place. It was indeed a magnificent spectacle, and the first of the kind he had seen. He immediately resolved to study fire-works; and, finding in London a systematick book on the subject, applied to it so successfully, that, for several years after, he would now and then exhibit in that way, for the amusement of his friends.

Among his Latin memorandums, there is a resolution "never to engage in games of chance." Cards he detested; as destructive of time at least, if not of money: which in him I thought the more remarkable, as he had, when a boy, learned (I know not how) to play at what is called *quadrille*, and some other games. In those days he often urged me to play at cards, saying, he was sure it would amuse me. I told him, I had several times attempted quadrille; but that, of the directions given me, some I could never understand, and some I could never remember. He begged leave to write a few directions: and I gave him leave; being curious to know, how a lad of eleven years of age would acquit himself in respect of style, and the arrangement of his matter.

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He brought me two treatises, (still extant) one of quadrille, the other of back-gammon, written with a propriety, perspicuity, and correctness, that very agreeably surprised me. I could not help telling him, as was true, that I understood them much better than any oral information I had ever received on those subjects.

There is another fashionable recreation, to which he could not reconcile his mind, the reading of romances. The time employed in that way he held to be lost. Don Quixote, however, Robinson Crusoe, and Cecilia, he read with pleasure, and began, but could not get through, Gil Blas. Hearing that an acquaintance of his had almost had his brain turned with *The Adventures of Roderick Random*, he had the curiosity to ask for that book, but quickly laid it aside, and would never afterwards resume it. To amuse some hours of langnor, in the commencement of his last illness, I advised him to look into Fielding; and he read Tom Jones, and, I think, Amelia. He gave that author no little praise for his humour, for the very skilful management of his fable, the variety and contrast of his characters, and, with a few exceptions, for the beautiful simplicity of his style: but still—the time spent in reading it was lost: and there was more danger from the indelicacy of particular

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passages than hope of its doing good by the satire, the moral sentiments, or the distributive justice dispensed in winding up the catastrophe.

I wish I could have given specimens of his talent in writing letters: but it happens, that most of those I have of his contain circumstances of private business which ought not to be made publick. His epistolary style was correct, easy, and simple, and, like his conversation, seasoned with that unaffected and playful humour in which he so greatly excelled.

I am loth to part with my subject

——————Juvat usque morari
Et conferre gradum—————— VIRG. VI. 467.

But some may think, enough has been said; though there are a few, who know that the subject is by no means exhausted.

About the disposal of his papers he gave no directions: being, I suppose, prevented, either by his thinking them unworthy of notice, or by his unwillingness to pain me by speaking of his dissolution. Nothing else could have prevented him: for he and I always lived on terms of the most unreserved and familiar intimacy.

One day, after all hope of recovery was gone, he called for a particular parcel of his papers, and, putting them in the hand of a Friend who was sitting by

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him, desired that they might be burned. His Friend dissuaded it ; but he repeated the request, and said they contained nothing of any value. There is reason to think, that he did not then distinctly remember what papers were in that parcel (which he had made up before he had any apprehension of danger, and had not seen for many months); and that on this occasion some things might have been destroyed, which perhaps he wished to be preserved. I cannot otherwise account for the mutilated state in which I find some of his best pieces.

I have lost the pleasantest, and, for the last four or five years of his short life, one of the most instructive, companions, that ever man was delighted with. But—THE LORD GAVE; THE LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY: BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD.—I adore the Author of all good, who gave him grace to lead such a life, and die such a death, as makes it impossible for a Christian to doubt of his having entered upon the inheritance of a happy immortality.

18th JANUARY, 1791.

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ESSAYS

AND

FRAGMENTS,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

OF these ESSAYS and FRAGMENTS, both Prose and Verse, the Reader will be pleased to remember, that very few were revised by the Author; that not one received his last emendations; and that far the greater part were composed in his seventeenth or eighteenth year, and some at a still earlier period. All the notes marked J. H. B. are by the Author; the other notes by the Editor.

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FRAGMENTS

OF

A POEM

ON THE

EXCELLENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.*

O THOU, whate'er thy nature, cause, or name,
Pure emanation of celestial flame!
From Shakespear's magick page whose glories roll,
To melt, alarm, o'erwhelm, th' enraptur'd soul;
Illumine Pope's keen verse, and moral lay;
Beam in full radiance on the lyre of Gray;

* Virtue does not consist in the repression of hope and desire, or in surly abstinence from pleasure and insensibility to pain: it does, on the contrary, afford the only suitable gratification to desire, and confidence to hope: and produces the only pure and lasting enjoyment.—These happy ends will be attained, if our hopes and desires are fixed upon the improvement of the soul, and extended to the interests of eternity.

The Christian Religion alone affords the means of this happiness: for it alone teaches how we may improve the best faculties of the soul; andit can alone compose and gratify our hopes and desires, by assuring us of future felicity, and by removing that uncertainty and fear which the thought

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And with th' omnipotence of lightning driven,
Make Milton blaze in all the pomp of heaven!
If still, bright offspring of ethereal birth,
Thou lingering deign to cheer the gloom of earth,
Inspire thy feeble votary's design,
Exalt the thought, invigorate the line,
And bid in harmony the numbers flow,
To check gay Pride, and comfort anxious Wo!
From Folly's lure the wanderer to entice,
Who heedless roams the wildering maze of vice;
And guide his footsteps to that silent cell,
Where Love, Tranquillity, and Virtue dwell;

of eternal duration must raise in every mind unsupported by the comforts of the Gospel, and sensible of its own guilt and infirmity.

Though no future life were to be expected, happiness even upon earth, could not be obtained, except from the mind. So that even a desire of present happiness should make us obey the precepts of Christianity; as directly tending to improve and harmonize the soul, and to procure for us in this life all the felicity whereof in this life our nature is capable.

These particulars I would attempt to explain, partly by argument, and partly by examples. I do not wish to follow that strict arrangement, which might be necessary in a philosophical discourse; but rather to dispose the subject in such a manner as may be most suitable to the natural course of human thought, may relieve the mind by variety in the style, and may afford the best opportunities for poetical illustration.

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Whence Contemplation, listening, hears afar
Ambition, Interest, Pleasure, Passion jar;
And sees in doubt, in fear, in danger, hurl'd
The dim confusions of a distant world.

Vain crowd, whom Fashion's meteor forms decoy
And plunge in sorrow while ye grope for joy;
Who tear from present thought the troubled mind,
Scared by the past, and to the future blind,
Still in one round of dull amusement stray,
And trifle all your empty lives away!
Say, if for once to think ye greatly dare,
What prospects feed your hope, and rouse your care;
What goads you on to hurry, at the call
Of courtly Pride; gasp in the stifling ball;
On couch of down to languish for repose,
Or rush into the field where tumult glows;
Or eye, with grinning scorn, expensive state,
Through the snug opening of an iron grate,
And peace, health, freedom, happiness resign,
To watch a dirty bag of useless coin.
King, peasant, statesman, soldier, rich and poor,
The old, the young, the courtier and the boor,
All of whatever garb, whatever name,
Or power, or pleasure seek, or wealth, or fame.

And rightly seek; for so, by heaven inclined,
These rule, and ought to rule, the human mind,

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Hopes, that rouse virtue, or from sloth protect,
The muse would not extinguish, but direct.
Man's final mansion is not here below;
His glory springs from goodness, not from show.
Wish ye for power, wealth, pleasure, fame? 'Tis well
That in your breast the seeds of virtue dwell.
But not on earth can fruit from these be given;
These seeds must ripen in the climes of heaven.
He who bids nature flourish or decay,
In mercy gives, in mercy takes away.
And by the structure shows of human frame
Man's native excellency, end, and aim.
Man cannot soar on eagle wing, or dare
The shaggy grasp of the relentless bear;
But man the eagle's tow'ring flight restrains,
And binds the rough bear's stubborn strength in chains;
And views and measures with adventurous eye
New orbs that glitter in th' unbounded sky.
Though tempest bellowing the swoln surge deform,
Man rides the swoln surge, and defies the storm;
Sees freedom, science, commerce, arts increase,
And bids a jarring world unite in peace,
Is then the being, who such rule attains,
Nought, but a bunch of fibres, bones and veins?
Is all that acts, contrives, obeys, commands,
Nought but the fingers of two feeble hands;

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Hands that, a few uncertain summers o'er,
Moulder in kindred dust and move no more?
No. Powers sublimer far that frame inspire,
And warm with energy of nobler fire,
And teach mankind to pant for loftier joys,
Where death invades not, nor disease annoys;
But transports pure, immortal, unconfined,
Fill all the vast capacity of mind.

Would you then wallow in the sensual sty,
With shose who live to eat, and drink, and die;
Through life's short hour with blind incaution run,
Snatch present good, and present evil shun?
Would you be such as these? Then haste, away,
And revel all the night and all the day;
The future time o'erlook, forget the past;
Forget that such amusement cannot last;
Forget that, thus engross'd by splendid sin,
You blot the image of your God within;
Live hated, scorn'd, in sickness, and in fear,
To die without a friend, without a tear.
For this, were reason, power, invention, given
To man, the heir of glory, and of heaven!—
His hope and joy in conscious virtue dwell,
Acting, and knowing he has acted, well;
Not sure, to drink, to slumber, and to feed,
Wherein brutes equal him, and far exceed.

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Dare to assert your rights, celestial race!
Honour awaits you, do not court disgrace;
Resemble, what will raise you, not deprave,
Your Sovereign God, and not the beast your slave.
Would you be happy?—Strengthen, and controul,
And regulate, that spring of bliss, the soul.

" All the dread splendour of high heaven, and all*
" The varied wonders that adorn this ball,
" Show, in each atom, virtues that transcend
" Whate'er man's wit can speak or comprehend.
" Then surely He, who nature's monarch reigns,
" Who forms, who fills, enlivens, and sustains,
" Whose boundless works, thus darkly understood,
" Such love display, is wise, as well as good.
" Yet Vice in pleasure riots oft and fame,
" While meek neglected Virtue sinks in shame.
" Is not, to punish that, and this to save,
" A doom, a recompence beyond the grave?
" Yes: in that retribution we would trust,
" Convinced, though man is weak, that God is just.
" Shall we then wish it? When this scene is o'er,
" When vice allures, and passions fire no more,

* The lines are marked with inverted commas, as expressing the thoughts, with respect to a future retribution, which might naturally arise in a rational mind unassisted by revelation; and as connected with " So spake, with anxious dread, " the wise of old," &c. J. H. B.

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" Shall we, so long in heedless error gay,
" So rich in blessings we can ne'er repay,
" Alike deprived of flight and of defence,
" Rise, and to judge us dare Omnipotence?
" In God we live and move; to him is known
" Our guilt; conceal we cannot, nor atone.
" Our being sins endanger, joys endear,
" We fear to keep it, and to lose it fear."
Deep in the clouds of general doubt enroll'd,
So spake, with anxious dread, the wise of old;
Who, in rude reason's narrow sphere confined,
Just oped their eyes, and knew that they were blind.
Meanwhile, amid the twilight of the times,
Unconscious Error stalk'd and licensed Crimes.
From earth's deep bosom dug the dirty ore
They melt, they mould, they hammer, they adore.
Curls in high flame a consecrated pyre,
And human victims glut th' accursed fire.
The groping seer, by holy madness driven,
From quivering entrails rakes the will of heaven.
The owl's long loud moan, screaming from afar,
Gladdens with peace, or animates to war;
While chiefs uncage, in superstitious awe,
A fluttering chick, whose appetite is law.
Dark horror shades man's torpid race: they see
Nor God, nor virtue, nor futurity;

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Save when, by forms in turbid fancy bred,
Pale Ignorance is wakened into dread;
And shapes of present crime, and future doom,
Glare momentary through th' involving gloom.
But lo, what genial tides of heavenly beam,
Pour'd slowly, midst the rolling darkness stream!
Lo, where the radiant cross, displayed on high,
Inflames the languor of yon eastern sky:
Through air, earth, ocean, spreads th' expanding ray.
And wraps the nations in a blaze of day.
Hark! a voice—" Hear, my favour'd people, hear,
" Repent; for heaven's eternal reign is near.
" Come, ye whom long laborious care employs,
" Whom doubts alarm, whom servitude annoys,
" Come, bear my burden, to my yoke agree,
" Ye weak, ye heavy laden, come to me,
" My yoke is easy and my burden light;
" Hope chears my servant, endless joys requite.
" Comfort I bring and mercy unconfined,
" And peace on earth, and good will to mankind.
" My law no more in thunder I proclaim,
" Throned in thick darkness, and tempestuous flame:
" Rich offerings no longer I require,
" Or glittering altars crown'd with costly fire:
" I ask, and what I ask my words impart,
" Repentance, faith and purity of heart.

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" Come then, my people, listen and believe :
" Seek, ye will find me ; ask, ye shall receive :
" Come, for the joys of heaven on earth I send,
" Come to your Lord, your Saviour, and your Friend."
Son of Omnipotence ? Creation's heir !
Lord, what is man, that he employs thy care?
Dost thou for him this little planet tread,
For him in human weakness veil thy head,
And deign for him to quit the empyreal sky,
For him to weep, to suffer, and to die !
Trembling in gratitude, before the throne
Prostrate, we claim thy merit as our own.
With humble hearts, but warm in holy trust,
Low bending let us kiss our kindred dust ;
Smile in calm hope, with fearful joy adore,
Renounce all former guilt, and sin no more ;
At least be grateful where we cannot pay,
Nor make his gifts the means to disobey,
Him, life and breath who gives us, shall the while,
That life dishonour, and that breath revile !
Ah ! can faint words in feeble song express'd,
Disclose the burning raptures of the breast,
When sooth'd repentance melts into delight,
And all heaven opens on the vanquish'd sight;
And the soul free from fear, from sorrow free,
Sinks overpower'd in speechless ecstacy !

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We sons of dust, admitted to descry
Th' eternal counsels of th' unfolding sky,
To cast around th' expansive view sublime
Wide over, and beyond, the bounds of time;
We mark Heaven's reign begun, explore its laws,
Trace their dependance, and perceive their cause,
See them from mercy rise, to blessing tend,
And, by Omniscience sway'd, in full perfection end.
Come now, proud Sage, thine antient art compare;
Where is the wisdom now, the virtue where,
The knowledge where, by boasted reason given,
Of earth, and of th' economy of heaven?
Like stars, o'ertaken by the morning ray,
They hide their lessen'd heads and melt away.
But how to thee could Heaven's high will be known,
Who saw'st this coil of life, and this alone?
This life, where oft, to rouse or to employ
Man's virtue, discords rage and cares annoy,
And where misfortune wounds, and passions move,
Not to reward or punish, but to prove.
Think not, of yore, that virtue's secret way
Escaped th' unletter'd only, and the gay;
Or that the grave, the studious, and the learn'd
By instinct knew it, or by art discern'd.
No: these of nature their opinions drew
From what they fancied, not from what they knew;

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And hardly, arguing still for arguing's sake,
Could end in truth, beginning in mistake.
They who, with sober sense, and honest heart,
View'd truth unmangled with the tools of art,
Than he far better knew, who could but see
Through the wild mist of whirling theory:
A medium, which, as differently applied,
Will darken, lessen, magnify, or hide.
And, still obsequious to the sage's creed,
Hide that most, from which most it disagreed,*

* * * * * *

What chance can blast our hope, what force control,
While fix'd on heaven, and center'd in the soul!
Lo, where plague rages round, and tempests roar,
The world's meek Patriot speeds from shore to shore.

* Here follows in the MS. when it first was shewn to the Editor, a comparison of the doctrines of antient philosophy with those of the Gospel; with some keen strictures on modern infidelity and scepticism. But in this part of the poem, so much is marked for alteration without being altered, that he cannot prevail on himself to print it in the state in which it was left: especially as there is reason to think, that several pages of this part of the work are lost, to the amount probably of about three hundred lines: the exact account cannot be known, as the pages of the manuscript were not numbered. The conclusion of the first book is subjoined, as it seems to be more correct, and strongly delineates a predominant feature in the Author's character.

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Crash the hoar dungeon's echoing bars; appear
The long dark realms of sickness and of fear;
Down furrow'd cheeks, lank, wobegone, and wan,
Roll tears of blessing on the friend of man;
Hangs on the cold pale lip the lingering breath.
Blushes new vigour on the cheek of Death;
Joy murmurs through th' applauding crowd, and free
Light smiles again, and peace, and liberty.
Mortals, in heedless folly vain, bestow
The praise of virtue on the pride of show.
But there is ONE, whose steady eye regards
The good, whose certain meed the good rewards.
He, when in thunder speaks the trump of doom,
Will not forget his Howard in the tomb.*
"Come good and faithful servant, whose relief
"Gave comfort to Despair, and joy to Grief.
"Didst thou soothe trouble, and alleviate need,
"Didst thou the naked clothe, the hungry feed,
"Visit the sick, and set the prisoner free?
"Know, what thou didst to mine thou didst to me.
"Come then, thou blessed of my Father, come,
"And share his joy in thine eternal home."
Go now, gay fool, whom earth from heaven decoys,
On trivial gains intent, and trivial joys;
Who reason, honour, virtue, throw'st aside,
For unsubstantial pomp, and cringing pride;

* This was written several years before Mr. Howard's death.

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Who fly'st to fear from hope, from ease to care,
To wo from joy, from triumph to despair.—
Go: slink a sot, a ruffian, and a coward,
Go: ape duke Villers, and despise John Howard.
But nobler transports may his mind attain,
Whose youthful ardour breaths this humble strain;
This humble strain which, undisguised by art,
Utters no thought that flows not from the heart.
O could his weak, though well-meant, effort throw
One ray of chearfulness on human wo;
Confute one base, one generous maxim prove,
Repress one folly, or one vice remove,
Proud of promoting peace, and easing pain,
Then would he think he had not lived in vain.
Wealth, interest, fashion, power, let others crave,
The sword of conquest wield, or ride the wave;
In other hands be empire's standard born,
The gem, the laurel, other brows adorn.
Enough for me, in unambitious lays
That I attempt to sing my Maker's praise;
And summon those, whom earth's vain tumults please,
From turbulence and care, to rest and ease:
Nor bid them quench their wishes but control,
And raise from earth to heaven, from flesh to soul.
For all who thus improve, and thus aspire,
Best cherish hope, and satisfy desire:

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Since He, who must perceive, and will requite,
Whose frown is misery, whose smile delight,
Has join'd with virtue good, and vice with ill,
And framed to human duty human will.

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MESSIAS.*

INCIPE, nympharum Solymæ chorus, incipe carmen.
Carmen grande sonans cœlestia dicta requirunt.
Muscosi fontes, silvarumque umbra puellis
Aoniis celebrata, et vani insomnia Pindi,
Nulla placent. Mea Te canat auspice musa, sacrata
Qui labia Isaiæ tetigisti numine flammæ.
Cœperat Ille, futura ruens in tempora, Vates:
Virgo concipiet! Virgo Natum paritura!
Radice, en, surgit Jessæa ramus, et altum
Æthera divini floris perfudit odore.
Olli cœlestis folia ambit Spiritus, Olli
Vertice consedit vis ipsa arcana Columbæ.
Desuper irriguum, Cœli, diffundite nectar,

* Of this Translation several lines in the MS. were marked for alteration, without being altered. The whole is however so animated, so harmonious, and so true to the original, that the Editor thinks it his duty not to suppress it. It was written long before the Author knew that Dr. Johnson had translated the same poem into Latin verse. The originals of this and some of the following pieces it was not thought necessary to subjoin to the Translations: Pope's poems being well known to every reader.

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Spargentes pluviam per grata silentia amœnam.
Debilem et ægrotum recreans ea planta juvabit,
Soli obtentæ umbræ, munimentumque procellis.
Crimina discedent terris; Fallacia prisca
Discedet; trutinamque redux Astræa levabit;
Tendet olivam orbi viridem Pax, almaque cœlo
Integritas niveam labetur splendida vestem.

Diffugiant celeres anni, expectataque surgat
Aurora! O divine Infans! O nascere tandem!
Floribus, en, primis properat Natura coronam;
En, et spirantis fundit thura omnia veris!
Cerne, cacumina quâ Lebanon ferat ampla! choreis
Cerne, ut persultent silvæ procul ardua montis!
En humili a Sarone oriuntur nubila odorum!
Æthera florenti suffivit vertice Carmel!
—Vox lætans, audin'! deserta per, exclamantis!
Fiat iter; Numen, Numen venit! aspice, Numen!
Numen, Numen, longa sonant juga; saxa Deique
Adventum testata alacri clangore resultant.
Delapsum cœli convexo en excipit orbis!
Surgite convalles humiles, procumbite montes!
Hunc colite, O cedri, demisso vertice; rupes
Planæ estote; agili cursu discedite fluctus!
Messias venit! Illum antiquo carmine vatum
Prædictum, audite O surdi, cæcique videte!
Ille aciem visus nebulâ purgabit opacâ,
Caliganti oculo fundens jubar. Ille sonorum

Obstructos aditus pandet, subitoque jubebit
Insuetam harmoniam patefactæ illabier auri.
Muti cantabunt: dimittens fulcra, bacillumque,
Exiliet, caprea ut saliens, pede claudus ovanti:
Nullum lamentum, murmur nullum audiet orbis:
Ille omnem lacrymam vultu deterget ab omni.
Mortem constringent adamantina vincla; ruinæ
Vulneraque æternæ rex sentiet infernorum.
Lanigera ut caute placidus regit agmina Pastor,
Aëra ut explorat purum, camposque virentes;
Amissas ut quærit oves, moderatur euntûm
Ut gressus, curatque diu, noctuque tuetur;
Ut teneros agnos lenta inter brachia tollit,
Mulcenti pascit palma, gremioque fociliat;
Sic genus omne hominum sic complectetur amanti
Pectore, promissus sæclo Pater ille futuro.
Nulla inde insurget genti gens, ulla nec inde
Flammata hostili concurrent agmina vultu;
Non acies rutilo ferri splendore micabunt,
Clangorve æratarum accendet bella tubarum;*
Flexa sed in falcem segetes metet hasta recusa,
Vomerem et in nitidum curvatus desinet ensis.
Assurgent tum celsa palatia; filius inde

* Let not the similar sounds in the third and sixth feet of this verse be imputed to the want either of care or of skill. The Translator had in his mind Virgil's *Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum.*

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Explebit lætus genitoris cœpta caduci:
Inde suum vitis patulæ teget umbra magistrum,
Severit et quæ dextra arvos metet ipsa vicissim,
Attonitus, deserta inter late arida, pastor
Lilia cernit humi, subitumque virescere gramen;
Obstupuitque, vagus loca per sitientia, jamjam
Torrentûm accipiens longe nova murmura aquarum.
Per fissos scopulos, dudum horrida lustra draconis,
Jam nutat juncus, viridisque tremiscit arundo.
Sentibus obductam vallem sabuloque, repente
Exornat procera abies, buxusque decora:
Vimina nuda ferax excepit palma, recessit
Noxiaque herba, suumque virens dat myrtus odorem
Depascet pratum lupus et simul agna; puelli
Florea deducent gestantem vincula tigrim:
Bosque leoque petent eadem præsepia: lambet
Blanda viatori plantas innoxia serpens.
Arridens tollet manibus captantibus infans
Cristatas angues, maculataque terga colubri;
Alludetque, notans quali auro fulgeat, et quo
Verbere molliculo linguæ micet ore trisulcæ.
Surge Salem! Regina Salem, surge! Effer in altum
Turritum caput, et radiantem luce coronam!
Aulas, cerne, tuas ornet quam longa propago:
Nati, en, progeniti nondum, natæque futuræ,
Agminibus densis consurgunt undique, vitam
Poscentes studio vehementi, immensaque cœli!

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En, tua barbaricæ circumstant limina gentes,
Luce tua incedunt, procumbunt per tua templa!
Ecce tuæ pronis stipantur regibus aræ,
Amplaque dona ferunt veris cumulata Sabæi!
Et tibi aromaticæ florent nemora omnia Idumes,
Semina et Ophyricis flagrant in montibus auri.
En, scintillantes valvæ patuere polorum,
Fluminaque irrumpunt tibi puræ æterna diei!—
Mane coruscabit non posthac exoriens sol,
Vespere nec cornu reparabit candida luna;
Sed radio liquefacta tuo superante peribunt.
Atria sancta jubar plenum, sine nube refulgens
Gloria, inundabit; NUMEN splendebit et IPSUM
Lucis; tuque die æterno potiere Jehovæ.
Æquora deficient, vanescent æthera fumo,
Labentur rupes, lapsa et juga celsa liquescent.
Olli stat verbum, stat servatura potestas;
Stant tua regna, tuus CHRISTUS dominatur in ævum.

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IN

OBITUM

RICARDI WEST.

JAM mihi nequicquam ridens Aurora refulget,
Et rutilans auratam extollit lampada Phœbus;
Nequicquam volucres dant mutua carmina amori,
Atque resumit ager viridantem lætus amictum.
Heu, diversa petunt aures hæ languescentes,
Heu, diversa oculi sibi conspicienda requirunt;
Lacryma sola mei mea tantum pectora solvit,
Et sub corde meo perit imperfecta voluptas.
At ridens Aurora affert nova gaudia menti
Impigræ, quantum supra mea fata beatæ!
Vectigal cunctis solitum dant jugera; amantem
Mollitura, ales profundit parvula questum:
Illi ego nequicquam doleo, qui audire dolentis
Verba nequit; miser atque magis fleo quod fleo frustra.

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SONNET (BY MR. GRAY)

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST.

IN vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
Or chearful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to chear,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him who cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

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DELIA.

Gramineum ad tumulum, quo Delia pulchra quiescit,
Agrestes juvenes, virgineique chori,
Prima ferent prati florentis munera, et omnem
Abrepto spargent veris honore locum.

Hic querula audebunt haud unquam spectra videri,
Quæ planctu vexent hocce nemus placidum;
At pastorum aderit congressa juventus, amorem
At non celabit candida virgo suum.

Nunquam hic cernetur rugosa venefica, nunquam
Nocturni Lemures agmina sæva ferent;
Sed bellæ vallem Dryades viridem celebrabunt,
Et rore ornabunt mane tuum tumulum.

Sæpe rubecula, vespertino lumine, amice
Exiguum huc volitans afferet auxilium;
Et cano musco, et collecto munere florum,
Ornabit gremium te retinentis humi.

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DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

BY MR. COLLINS.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghosts shall dare appear.
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd-lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
But female fays shall haunt the green,
And deck thy grave with early dew.

The red-breast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

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Quando ululantes venti, atque ingeminans furit imber,
Silvestrem et quassat sæva procella casam;
Aut cursu in medio, campi quacunque patescant,
Te repetet memori pectore mœstus amor.

Te reddet cuicunque loco sit mœsta venustas,
Debita te nunquam destituet lacryma;
Donec et ingratum fiat mihi vivere, amandam,
Et deplorandam, dum Dolor intereat.

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When howling winds and beating rain
  In tempest shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase, on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each tender scene shall thee restore,
  For thee the tear be duly shed,
Beloved till life can charm no more,
  And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

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POEMATIS, CUI TITULUS

THE MINSTREL,*

FRAGMENTUM.

ALTE in præclusis adytis, Gothecaque caverna,
Horrent cui semper nox æternæque ruinæ,
Marmoreum cippum multo Ostentatio versu,
Sculpturâque ornet multâ, multisque tropæis:
Sit mihi, quem tenui zephyrus circumvolat aurâ,
Collis, contiguus campo; de cespite molli
Sit tumulus; violæ et passim spargantur amœnæ;
Justa aliquem et rivum, vel garrula murmura fontis;
Vespereque irradiet blande sol gramina busti.
Illuc atque omnis juvenis gradiatur agrestis;
Illuc agrestis mentem lætissima virgo,
Florum vix passos sertis nexura capillos,
Atque hilaris Maiæ festum celebrare parata.
Atque ibi per totam pastoris fistula lucem
Impleat omne nemus mœsta dulcedine amoris:
Vesper et ut tacite glauco velatus amictu
Progreditur, minime festinet pulchra caterva;
Lurida non spectri facies, lemurumve vagantûm,
Nostri infestabit placidissima rura sepulchri.

* When the Author began to attempt Latin verse, he translated many stanzas of this poem. These two are given as a specimen.

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FROM

THE MINSTREL,

BOOK II. STANZ. 17, 18.

LET Vanity adorn the marble tomb,
With trophies, rimes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothick dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown:
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

And thither let the village swain repair;
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the live long day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching wo;
And when mild Evening comes in mantle grey,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go;
No ghost or spell my long and last abode shall know.

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CANTILENA.

AURORÆ risus, blanda et fragrantia veris,
Gratos invitant aligerum numeros;
Vocibus et dum cuncta sonant virgulta canentûm,
Omnia mollivit carmina dulcis amor.
Nosmet, Amanda, itidem, tempestive sapientes,
Utamur raptim quæ brevis hora fugit;
Totaque deliciis sit lux concessa diei,
Per betulas virides, Endremium que nemus.

Nam venit acris hiems anni, tristisque senectus
Adveniet, vitæ quæ proper antis hiems;
Hæc te purpureo vultus spoliabit honore,
Illa umbram vernis frondibus ut spoliat.
Gaudia tum cedent animo; non amplius ulla
Carminibus mulcens exhilarabit avis;
Hæque ubi marcescunt, nos languemusque—valete,
Vos, betulæ virides, Endremiumque nemus.

SEPT. 1785.

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SCOTCH SONG.

THE smiling morn, and breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And, while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay:
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the *birks** of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom must fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste for pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd warblers charm no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Farewell, ye *birks* of Endermay.

* Birch trees.

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AD

PETRIPROMONTORIUM

INVITATIO.

QUICUNQUE nostis turbida gaudia
Tuti quieti pectoris otio,
Silentio qui ruris urbem
Posthabuisse tumultuantem:

Queis sana sano in corpore mens placet;
Excelsa quorum corda vel evehit
Sublime, vel mulcet Venustum,
Huc celeres properate gressus.

Hic fundit urna divite nam Salus
Fontes, amœni et frigora balnei,
Arvosque lætâ vestit herbâ
Et gelidis agitavit auris.

—At nulla venti sibila personant
Arbusta nobis, neve per arborum
Umbrosa late regna, longum et
Dat querulum liquida unda murmur.

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INVITATION TO

PETERHEAD.

YE, who for sweets that never cloy
  Can quit wild pleasure's toilsome strife;
For rural peace and silent joy,
  Can quit the storms of city life;

Whom languor, or whom pain, alarms,
  Who seek a mind from trouble freed,
On nature's mild or awful charms
  Who gaze in rapture; hither speed.

Here Health her bath's enlivening tide,
  And fountain's sparkling nectar pours;
Fields fluctuate in flowery pride,
  While cool gales fan the quiet shores.

What, though for us no tainted breeze
  Along the vocal thicket rove;*
No rivulet glance through whispering trees,
  And murmur down a depth of grove!

* There are no woods in this neighbourhood, and very few trees.

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Fatemur: at non talia poscimus;
Patente campo læta Salubritas
Gaudet, nec humenti sub umbra
Pestiferam ciet alma noctem.

Sed non fluenti florea ripa, non
Repens susurrus per cava littora,
Desunt, freti vel glauca, longe
Purpureis decorata velis.

Non luna curru argentea lucido
Per cana collis visa cacumina,
Non flamma matutina Phœbi
Per tremulum radiata pontum.

Sublime quæras; hic tumidum mare,
Hic æstuantûm verbera fluctuum
Cernes, resultantûmque in auras
Nubila cana abiisse rorum.

Hic risus, hic convivia læta sunt,
Sermo, sodales, otia, literæ,
Quæcunque tristi, vel jocoso,
Philosopho, aut placeant poetæ.

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Th' expanded plain Health joys to tread,
To drink heaven's free, fresh-blowing breath,
Not pent in woods and watery shade
Exhaling pestilence and death.

Nor daisied bank of silver stream,
Nor sounding beach our fates deny,
Nor floating sails, that lightly gleam
Where ocean melts in the blue sky;

Nor moon, in solemn splendor born
Slow o'er the hoar hill's shadowy steep;
Nor the gay beam that fires the morn,
Shooting along the tremulous deep.

Or seek ye greatness? See the tide
Whirl'd in tempestuous eddies rave;
See from the brown rock's foamy side
Burst high in air the thundering wave.

Here Friendship warms, here smiles engage,
Here Converse, Quiet, Learning, Leisure,
Feed mirth, soothe care, afford the sage
Instruction, and the poet pleasure.

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ODE.*

POWER of these awful regions, hail!
For sure some mighty Genius roves
With step unheard, or loves to sail
Unseen, along these cliffs and groves.

O'er the wild mountain's stormy waste,
The shatter'd crag's impending breast,
And rocks by mortal feet untrod;
Deep in the murmuring night of woods,
Or mid the headlong roar of floods,
More bright we view the present God.

More bright, than if in glittering state
O'ercanopied with gold he sat,

* Supposed to have been written on occasion of visiting the wild and magnificent scenery of the cliffs of Kinnoull, on the banks of the Tay near Perth. The author has in these lines not unsuccessfully imitated that noble ode of Mr. Gray, which begins thus: *O Tu, severi Religio loci, &c.*

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The pride of Phidian art confess'd.—
Hail, power sublime! thy votary shield;
O listen to my lay, and yield
A young, but weary, wanderer, rest.

But if, from rest and silence torn,
And these loved scenes, I roam afar,
By fate's returning surge down born,
To toss in care's tumultuous war;

Grant me, secure from toil and strife,
And all the vain alarms of life,
And all the rabble's feverish rage,
Remote in some obscure retreat,
At least to pass, in freedom sweet,
The solitude of age.

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HUNTING.

BRIGHT rays of purple fire the sky,
And gild the shivering stream,
Beyond the western mist on high
While the gay woodlands gleam.

Hark! how the voice of hounds and horn
Floats in the fragrant gale;
Along the rustling thicket born,
And down the shadowy vale.

They pass; nor fancy's modest ear
The shouting train pursues;
No screams of bloody triumph chear
The solitary muse.

Ye, whose victorious arts beguile
The sufferer of its breath,
Who watch, with fierce unthinking smile,
The languid throbs of death;

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Haste let your harmless captives bleed:
Ye too must fall as they;
Death, on a swift though noiseless steed,
Pursues you as his prey.

Nor yet prolong the victim's wo
In lingering terror driven:
Kill, do not torture! mercy shew,
And mercy hope from Heaven.

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CANTILENA.

October, 1785.

DURITER heu! fati nimium mandata severa
Amplexu optatæ cogunt procul esse puellæ;
Per deserta vagor terræ incomitatus et exspes:
At quanto potius mallem succumbere morti!
Hei mihi! deliciis animi cum distrahar, unquam
Collini absentis reputabit Delia nomen?
Hei mihi! tum lacrymas reputans deflebit; acerbo
Exulis angorem meditabitur illa dolore?

Fare age, non terrore animum torquebere, cum jam
Undarum accumulant montana cacumina venti,
Cum rutilo immicuit fulgur splendore vibratum,
Et fremit horridior tonitru reboante procella?
Deficiet certe tibi mens formidine, certe
Tum miseri tandem sortem plorabis amantis,
Cum memor in mentem revocaveris omnia nostra
Irrita vota, omnemque ubi non felicis amorem.

Tum tibi mens fallax juvenem depinget amatum
Attonitum, extremaque labantem in margine vitæ;

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SONG. By ———

SET BY MR. JACKSON.

FAR from the arms of her I love,
By fate too cruel doom'd to sigh.
To desert climes forlorn I rove:
How lighter far the task, to die!
When from my soul's soft treasure torn
Will Delia think on Colin's name?
In fancy hear the exile mourn,
In fancy see his sorrows stream?

Say will not fear a pang inspire,
When winds the mountain billows form,
When lightnings flash their forky fire,
And awful thunder swells the storm?
A dread will surely then prevail,
Thy soul a kind compassion move,
When memory tells the tender tale
Of all my woes, and hapless love.

Then will thy fancy paint the swain
Aghast, on life's extremest verge,

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Horrisónis jam nunc luctantem fluctibus—et jam
Exanimum corpus, pelago mersumque profundo.
Attamen haud adeo sinas simulacra malorum
Molle tuum tanto pectus turbare pavore:
Nam capiti nostro cœlum arcet damna benignum,
Ne tibi tam placidus vultus mœrore madescat.

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Now struggling in the roaring main—
Now dead, and sunk beneath the surge.
Yet let not visions thus alarm
Thy soft and feeling heart with fear:
For thee, Heaven shields my head from harm,
To save such innocence a tear.

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LINES

ADAPTED TO A FAVOURITE MILITARY AIR.

HARK, hark! the drums afar,
And the loud clarion's angry sound,
Announce th' approaching war;
The steeds in thunder bound:
Unfurl'd the banners glare on high;
The roar of cannon rends the sky.
And rocks the ground.
And now, all around,
Fires flash, smoke whirls, and bullets fly,
"To kill or wound."

And what, though battle's doom
Suppress the youthful warrior's breath!
Could Sloth avoid the tomb!
Can Flight escape from Death!
What though, where we may sink in sleep,
O'er the Green turf no marble weep,
No scutcheon wave!
We ask not such reward:
Fair Fame and smiling Virtue guard
The hero's grave.

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ON THE DEATH OF

MR. JAMES VALENTINE.*

YE clouds that in tempestuous grandeur driven
Involve in twilight gloom the noon-day heaven;
Ye torrents, down these craggy cliffs that roar;
Ye murmurs hoarse, that sweep the pebbly shore;
Ye winds that whistle, and ye waves that roll;
Well do ye suit the sadness of my soul.
Yes, ye rude rocks, the lingering sounds return,
Ye woods, wave high your hoary heads, and mourn,
And howl, ye melancholy gales, along,
Wafting the wild notes of funereal song.
Yet, why for him attune funereal lays,
Him deaf to mortal plaint, and mortal praise;

* The Author's cousin german and intimate friend; a person of great modesty and worth; who, after serving five or six years as a midshipman in the British navy, and signalizing his valour in many battles, lost his life in a storm in 1785, in the twenty third year of his age. To account for one passage in the poem, it is necessary to add, that his body was thrown on the land, and there buried.

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Safe, where no perils threat, no anguish stings,
But peace for ever spreads triumphant wings!
Where hosts of Seraphim hosannas raise,
And worlds to worlds resound their Maker's praise;
Where sorrow, toil, and care, in rapture drown'd,
Heaven's everlasting splendour blazes round.
The virtuous man, who nobly yields his breath,
Requires not sorrow, but exults in death:
Crown'd with fair fame the patriot hero's bier
Disclaims the tribute of a tender tear.

Let tender tears embalm the gentle maid,
In the gay morn of life whose beauties fade:
Oft at her tomb the village train be seen,
To deck with wreathes of freshest flower the green,
There let the nightingale along the grove,
At the lone midnight hour lament her love;
The snow-drop there a sickly blossom shed,
The lily languishingly hang the head;
And there the lay of wo her doom deplore,
Who bloom'd, and smiled, and charm'd, and is no more.

But other music to thy grave be born,
And trophies different far thy turf adorn.
There let the oak in majesty arise,
Its giant arms wide-waving in the skies;
Fated perhaps with Britain's flag to shine,
And future heroes bear to deeds like thine.
That mount, where thy remains in honour sleep,
Amid the murmur of th' encircling deep,

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Thy friends, who still the patriot ardour share,
Shall visit, and shall love to linger there;
Heave, in ecstatick tears, affection's sigh,
And wish like thee to live, like thee to die:
Like thee, from discontent secure and strife,
To flourish through the vernal years of life;
Then ripe in glory sink into the grave,
Mourn'd by the good, and envy'd by the brave.

Full often, when at length are past away
The languid moments of the lonely day,
And night a welcome change of scene supplies,
Spreading her sparkling mantle o'er the skies,
In sleep I see the elements engage,
And hear the winds howl, and the waters rage.
—That solitary bark contends in vain,
Toss'd in th' infuriate uproar of the main,
While mountain waves in long array are driven,
And the fierce lightning fires the angry heaven.
Lo, plunging far down, down the billowy steep
She reels: and lo, she sinks for ever in the deep.
Shivering I wake in tears, aghast, forlorn,
To waste in wo the melancholy morn.

Father Almighty, whose supreme control
In light and life makes worlds unnumber'd roll;
Whose providence, to man for ever kind,
By grief refines, with comfort calms the mind;
Whose chastenings, proof of thy paternal love,
Teach hope to soar to better worlds above:

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O when in light these shadows melt away,
In light, the dawning of eternal day;
When the high trump of heaven, with mellow breath,
Pours thrilling thunder in the ear of death;
On me may that last morn serenely shine,
And give me back my loved, lamented VALENTINE.

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GULIELMO WILSON,*

CHIRURGO, A. M.

IN INDIAM OCCIDENTALEM

NAVIGATURO.

ODE.

TU, quem sonantis murmur Atlantici
Sacra et medendi munia postulant,
Fervensque complexu revulsum
Accipiet Jamaïca nostro;
Extrema tecum præmia fer mei:
Non æra, claram non ego purpuram,
Sed vota porto, queis amicum
Musa suum jubeat valere.

* The person to whom this Ode is inscribed, and who had been the Author's intimate friend from childhood, went to Jamaica; but, finding the climate hurtful to him, returned to Europe; attended his friend during the last four months of his life, and saw him expire. This Ode, in which the Author so plainly hints at, and almost foretells, his own early death, has no date, but appears from circumstances to have been written some years before that event took place. It was never, for an obvious reason, shown by the Author to any person; but was found among his papers after his death.

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Non purpuratum scilicet, aut jubar
Flagrantis auri, certa beatitas
  Sectatur; at quam vera virtus
    Vestiit excoluitque mentem.
Assurge! Nam lux omnipotens Dei
Effulsit; atro fusa sub æthere
  Vox læta Christi enim silentes
    Perpetua repulit tenebras.
Sequare divini imperium Ducis:
Sic non Voluptas blanda recondito
  Uret veneno, comprimetve
    Dextra Dei monitrix dolentem.
Sic te remittat mi Deus arbiter
Si mi fruenti luce, nec impium
  Sermone cernam, neu coactis
    Divitiis leviter superbum;
Virtutis atque pectore conscio
Firme quietum, dum vitii tenes
  Late imminentes per ruinas
    Non trepidans iter ac triumphum.
Sin lucis ipso in limine fervidum
Frigente me vi mors premat invida:
  Neu fama ridens, neu cadentis
    Vesper adhuc maneat senectæ:
(Quippe et canentem fata requirere
Mens inquietis sæpe doloribus

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Jactata, corporisque dudum
Debilis admonuere languor;)
Confisus Olli, qui Pater omnium,
Ito silentem tu tumulum prope;
Mutamque suspirans amici
Da lacrymam viridi sepulchro.

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IN OBITUM

NOBILIS INFORTUNATÆ

ELEGIA.

POPE'S ELEGY ON AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

PER vallem auratam lunâ quæ tristis imago
Innuit, invitans alti in penetralia luci?
Ipsa est! at pectus fœdat cur plaga cruentum,
Obscuro tremulus micuit cur lumine mucro!
O semper placida, O longe pulcherrima semper,
Noxa sit in cœlo, dicas, vehementer amasse;
Esse nimis tenero, vel firmo pectore; amantis
Mollis, vel partes Roman egisse severi:
Æthere non justo servantur munera menti
Excelsum sentire ausæ, aut periisse decore?
Illam quare aliter jussistis, Numina, ferri
Sublimem supra data desideria vulgo?
Primum orta est vobis famæ ambitiosa cupido,
Agminis angelici, præclaraque culpa deorum;
Inde petit terram, Superûmque exempla secutos
Heroas, sacra inde inflammat pectora regum.

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Multæ equidem mentes, ægre semel omne per ævum
Transpiciunt caveæ membrorum vincula, pigræ
Lumina opaca, annos longæ candentia vitæ,
Vana, velut lucens defosso tæda sepulchro;
Quas segnis fastus regis delectat eoï,
Tectorumque suorum altum dormire recessu.
Tales ut fugeret, properantia fata repente
In cœlum, ante diem forsan, rapuere misertum.
Materiæ veluti pars purior exit in auras,
Cognatas fæcesque infra sejuncta relinquit;
Ille animus loca sic adiit sua; neve remansit
Virtus una, fero generi latura salutem.
At tu prædulcis mandati pessime custos,
Sordide fraternæ desertor progenieï!
Ecce, genæ teneræ pallent jam morte propinqua!
Halitus extremus roseo tremit ecce labello!
Frigent pectora,* quæ terris fudere calorem,
Fixi nulla oculi jaculantur spicula amoris.
At sic, si mundum regit Æqui æterna potestas,
Sic vestræ uxores, proles et vestra, peribunt.
Omne genus vindicta manet festina, scelestas
Obsessura fores erebra et mox pompa feretri:
Inde astans dicet, dextra monstrante, viator,
(Quando viæ longo nigrescent funere) Cerne,

* The want of the *cesura* in the two first feet of this verse has an effect singularly happy. It will put the reader in mind of Virgil's *Et cum frigida mors*, &c. Æneid. IV. 385.

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Cerne, quibus Furiæ durarant robore ferri
Horrendas animas, et nescia pectora vinci.
Sic indefleti transit fortuna superbi,
Stultis prodigium, splendentis pompa diei!
Sic pereant omnes, quorum effera corda alieno
Non caluere bono, non fiunt mollia luctu.
Quæ tibi, quæ poterunt unquam, læsa umbra, piare
Exequias cultu cassas, et fata dolore!
Non tibi cognatæ lacrymæ, non luctus amici,
Pallenti placuere, decusve dedere feretro.
Ast externa manus morientes clausit ocellos,
Externæque manus posuere decoros,
Externæque manus humile ornavere sepulchrum,
Externi fletus celebrant, honor externusque.
Quid tibi nulla nigro quod turba incedat amictu,
Perque horam doleat, tum ploret forsitan annum,
Ludibria et circum vani mentita doloris
Ad festiva ferat loca, nocturnasque choreas?
Quid cïneri quamvis nulli illacrymentur Amores;
Marmora nulla tui splendescant æmula vultus;
Exuvias sacrata tuas non terra capessat,
Musseturve tuo carmen ferale sepulchro?
At bustum ornabit surgentûm gloria florum;
At formosa levis velabit pectora cespes:
Illic et primis lacrymis Aurora dolebit,
Et rosa prima anni suaves profundet odores:
Atque tuo tumulum nunc sacrum funere pennis

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Umbrabit patulis cœlestûm argenteus ordo,
  Sic dormit placide, sine nomine, sic sine cippo,
Quæ formam, titulos, famam possedit, opesque,
Nil tua jam refert, quam clara et amata fuisses ;
Nil, tibi quis genitor fuerit, qualesve propinqui :
Restas pauxillum neglecti pulveris ; olim
Neu poterit plus esse hominum quodcunque superbum est.
  Illi ut, quos quondam cecinit, cadet ipse poeta ;
Non laudem excipiet surda auris ; lingua canenti
Fiet muta. Et fata ejus, qui flebile carmen
Jam fundit lacrymans, cito erunt deflenda vicissim.
Tum demum clausis oculis tua forma recedet,
Languentique animo extremus te distrahet angor.
Tunc erit ille exsors vitæ levis atque laborum,
Æternum oblitus musæ, Dilecta, Tuique.

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VULTEIUS EQUES.*

LONDINIUMQUE polumque minans ubi celsa columna
Audax Thrasonice frontem extulit, ac mentitur;
Vixit, tranquillæ mentis, famæque modestæ,
Simplex atque bonus, Vulteius nomine, Civis:
Relligiosus, frugi, et cætera; non locuples, sed
Permultum poterat promisso; sobrius, at cui
Possit quisque dies solidum præbere catinum,
Farcimen festus superaddere; templa forumque
Visens assidue; constantis præmia lucri
Fert, donans raro, nisi pauperibus quadrantes.
Omnis sed pungit Satanam pietas: et Iöbi
Tentatorem animum punxit Vulteiia virtus;

* Pope's Sir Balaam and Horace's Vulteius Mena are different characters. The translator put Vulteius for Balaam for no other reason (I believe) but because he thought the former might be more manageable in hexameter verse. The dactyls of the first line, followed by a spondaick, give to the first couplet of the translation a peculiar contrast and vivacity. The Translator humourously supposes the monument of London to threaten both heaven with invasion, and the city by seeming ready to fall on it. It was actually said to be in some danger of falling at the time when he first saw it.

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At cautus, longeque usu supientior, illi,
Tentabundus, non rapuit, sed congerit, aurum.
Jusserat aërius Princeps; fluctusque procellæ
Verrunt, Vulteiique patrem mersere profundo;
Ejus tum tundunt Cornubica littora, donec
Naufragio bino felix ditatur arena.
Jamque creatus eques, ceu quivis viveret alter
Vivit homo, modicumque bibit, nec pauca jocatur;
Cum "Vivas, olim ut debebas vivere," Conjux
Edixit; fumantque duo en! farcimina mensâ.
Indo, dum vinctus somno nudusque jacebat,
Subduxit gemmam probus institor, opposuitque
Commissum nostro Vulteio pignus; at ille
Detinuit lapidem vafer, elusitque dolosum.
Nonnihil audebat mens hiscere conscia, sic mox
Obturata: "Dabam besses; ast—hem! dabo et asses*
"Integros; templum bis adibo, prout semel ibam.—
"Quam que alio ingenuum vacat omni crimine pectus!"
Opportuna notat Satanas ea tempora, et instat.
Fœnora volvuntur, congestumque enitet aurum;
Grandine donec adest usuræ duplicis ipsa
Vis Satanæ splendens manifestum, atque ima residens
Corda tenet; fascesque amplæ committit habendas.

* The Roman *Bes* or *Bessis* was to the *As* in the proportion of *eight* to *twelve*.

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Mercaturæ, animum firmans signansque potitor.
En Vulteius eques, jam vividus ingenii vir,
Attribuit quæstus meritis mentique sagaci :
Scilicet ipse sibi, dederint quæ numina quondam;
Provida cura Dei fit ridens alea casûs.
Mutatos mutata sequuntur nomina mores.
Mane taberna rogat festum argentaria ; templum
(Scilicet in tantis curis) vix visere ; rite at
Natos et famulos, dominam quoque mittere sponsam.
Hic, Satanæ auspicio, gelido matrona Decembri
Alsit, marmoreoque it conclamata sepulchro.
Miratur Vulteium equitem generosa puella ;
Hanc ille, et ducit; fit et aulicus illico : linquit
Insulsam plebem, atque suæ blanditus amanti
Aulaï lepidis gestit comes ire cuculis.
Mittitur in pacata levis stipendia natus,
Potat, amat, pugnat, socii transfigitur ense :
Filia summati sordescit fulgida conjux,
Fertque perenne decus tituli, morbumque perennem :
Ipse senatoris munus sedemque Britanni
Obtinet, et Stephani venatur præmia sancti.
Ludentem dominam nudat mox alea : damnum
Præstat Vulteio corruptrix Gallia nummis.
Defertur capitis Vulteius ; mugit orator ;
Regia deseruit ;—dat guttur nobile funi.

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En uxorque, puerque, puellaque, sunt tua, Dæmon!
Sunt tua; sed fisco cedit dilectius aurum.
Partitur prædam Satanas cum rege; Deumque
Exsecrans animam ponit Vulteius equestrem,

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EX POEMATE CUI TITULUS

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

SOLUS uti pastor, procut inter littora Ebudûm,
Lugubri æternùm reboantia murmure ponti,
(Sive hunc mens trepidans fallat male relligiosa,
Sive animæ ætheræ, mortali corpore amictæ,
Dignentur quondam nostros impellere sensus)
Imam per vallem vel nuda cacumina montis,
Dum currum tremulo demergit in oceano Sol,
Incessu tacito videt agmina magna moveri;
Omnia tum tenues abeunt liquefacta sub auras.

* * * * * * * * *

AS when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles
Placed far amid the melancholy main;
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied to our senses plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phebus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro;
Then all at once in air dissolves the wond'rous show.

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EPISTLE.

Hunton, near Maidstone, Kent, August 1787.

"TRAVELLING," saith Horace, somewhere, in a letter,
"May make our climate, not our manners, better."
And bold are they who dare with folly tax him,
For my experience justifies the maxim.
Why else should I, while pleasure fills the time,
Here, as at home, sit scribbling scurvy rhyme;
And, shameless, still on you the sing-song turn,
Bidding you read what justice bids you burn?
But since, in decency's and breeding's spite,
Impell'd by fate or folly, we must write;
What reading, pray Sir, does your palate crave,
Home news or foreign, merry news or grave?
(For till one know what subject is to follow,
One can't with proper grace invoke Apollo;
And till he hear, and answer at the call,
You know, one never tries to write at all.)
From Pindus' height shall then the heavenly muse
Descending, deign to pore on publick news?

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Her haunts, her pleasures, her ambition lost,
For Weekly journals, and the Morning Post ?
Shall in sad strain her scull-crown'd page relate
The purse demanded, and the robber's fate ;
In lay mellifluent the verdict sign,
And with writ, clerk, judge, jury, pack the line ?
Or shall she follow Discord's hoarse alarms,
Where the gruff greasy Dutchman growls—to arms ;
Paint the brown cutlass swagging at his side,
His hairy cap with orange tatters tied ;
How to his waist the flapping surtout reaches ;
How wide, how multitudinous his breeches ?—
Or should she go where her dear country summons,
And speed impatient to the House of Commons ;
Tell where the speaker sits, his mace how big,
How wise his visage, and how vast his wig !
Or, with the vulgar, should she rather choose,
To prate of Sadler's-wells, White-conduit house,
Lions, balloons, apes, tumblers, dancing dogs,
And waxen dolls that speak, and learned hogs ;
Of rich old misers, and of wild young heirs ?—
Of, or for, these, she little knows, or cares :
Nor tattle for your ladies she allots ye,
Of caps or tartan, B——l or Piozzi.
Deaf to town chat, she rather loves to trace
The smiles and awful charms of Nature's face ;

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Wandering with careless footstep, to survey
The flower-bud opening to the beam of day;
To mark, what mellow wealth the orchard yields,
What harvests undulate on golden fields;
Down the dark rock what sparkling torrents pour,
What blue waves heave along the sounding shore;
How the great sun his rising splendour shrouds
Amid the purple light of circling clouds,
Or rides supreme the fiery waste of heaven,
Or slowly sinks down in the bed of even.

What charms like these can modish art convey,
Or a whole city's childish pomp display!
There let *rouge*, buckles, diamonds, flambeaus glare,
Shoes crush the feet, and burning irons the hair;
And there let Fashion all her craft bestow,
To form her last, best, noblest work— a beau.
But can her bungling skill one scene impart,
To warm the fancy, or to soothe the heart!
Can she the mountain's stormy front assail,
Snatch the long verdure of the closing vale;
Bid in majestic gloom the grove arise,
Or liquid glory stream from pictured skies!
No, no; where Fashion rules, and she alone,
Truth, virtue, elegance, are all unknown.

O then, while health and leisure are your own,
Flee from the smoke and uproar of the town.

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Heavens! shall quadrille the precious hour employ,
When Nature, all in smiles, invites to joy!
Still must those eyes the dull succession see
Of long fat dinners, and eternal tea!
Dare to forego *Souchong* and roasted geese,
Spadil, Pam, Odd trick—for a life of peace.
The willing muse shall lead your steps along,
And glad your progress with triumphal song;
And hail—(as him who, years of exile past,
Beholds his long-wish'd home appear at last)
Hail you, from contest, noise, and folly free,
Safe in th' inspiring shade of sweet tranquillity.

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THE

MODERN TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

FATHER HODGE* had his pipe and his dram,
And at night, his cloy'd thirst to awaken,
He was served with a rasher of ham,
Which procured him the surname of *Bacon*.
He has shown, that, though logical science
And dry theory oft prove unhandy,
Honest Truth will ne'er set at defiance
Experiment aided by brandy.

Des Cartes bore a musket, they tell us,
Ere he wish'd, or was able, to write,
And was noted among the brave fellows,
Who are bolder to tipple than fight.

* Roger Bacon, the father of experimental philosophy. He flourished in the 13th century.

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Of his system the cause and design
We no more can be posed to explain:—
The *materio subtilis* was wine,
And the *vortices* whirl'd in his brain.

Old Hobbes, as his name plainly shows,
At a *hob-nob* was frequently tried:
That all virtue from selfishness rose
He believed, and all laughter from pride.*
The truth of this creed he would brag on,
Smoke his pipe, murder Homer,† and quaff;
Then staring, as drunk as a dragon,
In the pride of his heart he would laugh.

Sir Isaac discovered, it seems,
The nature of colours and light,
In remarking the tremulous beams
That swom on his wandering sight.
Ever Sapient, sober though seldom,
From experience *attraction* he found,
By observing, when no one upheld him,
That his wise head fell souse on the ground,

* See *The Spectator*, Numb. 47.

† Hobbes was a great smoker, and wrote what some have been pleased to call a Translation of Homer.

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As to Berkeley's philosophy—he has
  Left his poor pupils nought to inherit,
But a swarm of deceitful ideas
  Kept, like other monsters, in spirit.*
Tar-drinkers can't think what's the matter,
  That their health does not mend, but decline:
Why, they take but some wine to their water,
  He took but some water to wine.

One Mandeville once, or Man-devil,
  (Either name you may give as you please)
By a brain ever brooding on evil,
  Hatch'd a monster call'd *Fable of Bees.*
Vice, said he, aggrandizes a people ;†
  By this light let my conduct be view'd ;
I swagger, swear, guzzle, and tipple:
  And d—— ye, 'tis all for your good.

D—— H—— ate a swinging great dinner,
  And grew every day fatter and fatter;
And yet the huge hulk of a sinner
  Said there was neither spirit nor matter.

* He taught that the external universe has no existence but an ideal one, in the mind (or *spirit*) that perceives it: and he thought tar-water an universal remedy.

† Private vices public benefits.

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Now there's no sober man in the nation,
Who such nonsense could write, speak, or think:
It follows, by fair demonstration.
That he philosophised in his drink.

As a smuggler even P——— could sin;
Who, in hopes the poor gauger of frightening,
While he filled the case-bottles with gin,
Swore he filled them with thunder and lightning.*
In his cups, (when Locke's laid on the shelf)
Could he speak, he would frankly confess it t'ye,
That, unable to manage himself,
He puts his whole trust in Necessity.

If the young in rash folly engage,
How closely continues the evil!
Old Franklin retains, as a sage,
The thirst he acquired when a devil.†
That charging drives fire from a phial,
It was natural for him to think,
After finding, from many a trial,
That drought may be kindled by drink.

* Electrical batteries.

† Bred a printer. This was written long before Dr. Franklin's death.

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A certain high priest could explain,*
How the soul is but nerve at the most;
And how Milton had glands in his brain,
That secreted the Paradise Lost.
And sure, it is what they deserve,
Of such theories if I aver it,
They are not even dictates of nerve,
But mere muddy suggestions of claret.

Our Holland philosophers say, Gin
Is the true philosophical drink,
As it made Doctor H———y imagine
That to *shake* is the same as to *think*.†
For, while drunkenness throbb'd in his brain,
The sturdy materialist chose (O fye!)
To believe its vibrations not pain,
But wisdom, and downright philosophy.

Ye sages, who shine in my verse,
On my labours with gratitude think,
Which condemn not the faults they rehearse,
But impute all your sin to your drink.

* Dr. L. Bp. of C. is probably the person here alluded to. He was a zealous materialist.

† He resolved Perception and Thinking into *vibrations*, and (what he called) *vibratiuncles*, of the brain.

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In drink, poets, philosophers, mob, err;
Then excuse, if my satire e'er nips ye:
When I praise, think me prudent and sober,
If I blame, be assured I am tipsy.

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FASHION.

A DIALOGUE.

" CONSIDER, my good Friend, the value"—
I have considered, Sir, I tell you,
And, preach and practise what you will,
I scorn'd them once, and scorn them still.
Pray, matters it to me or you,
How this and that man ties his *queue*,
If cloth or silk he choose to put on,
Or wear a white or yellow button?
Shall then submissive Virtue truckle
To imitate each fellow's buckle;
And must a numbscull be adored,
Because it styles itself a lord?
Is this the benefit which one (hark ye)
Expects to find in a free monarchy;
That honest, rough, bold Britons must,
Sprawling, like spaniel dogs, in dust,
The toes of every titled cub lick?
Then, hey for Sparta and republick!
" You poets think it only—a jest, eh!
" To cut and slash at peers and majesty!

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" When did I ever say, a Briton
" Must creep, like pointer, hands and feet on?
" I only said, what I suppose
" You know, and every body knows,
" That in their forms of *etiquette*,
" The small must copy from the great;
" Must learn their passions and their fancies,
" How this lord laughs, and that duke dances.
" For, as a frugal housewife gathers
" Clippings of silk, and gaudy feathers,
" Which will by length of time prepare
" A covering for an easy chair:
" Even thus, from the great world, our beaus
" Pick shreds of swearing and *bon mots*;
" Which, when they o'er their souls have wrought 'em,
" Hide Honesty's black leather bottom;
" And a new covering we behold
" Where every single patch is old."
And what, if I be not inclined
To clap a cover on my mind,
Nor shreds of tarnish'd wit revere,
Because they flaunted on a peer?
Although as relicks fools adore them,
Rags are but rags, whoever wore them.
" No doubt, Sir, you, a man of letters,
" Are bound to bellow at your betters!

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" No cloaths are neat, no thoughts are wise,
" Which *you* don't wear, which *you* despise!
" Go, scream and cringe to your Apollo;
" What others follow'd I must follow,
" The grave man's care, the gay man's passion,
" The lady's every thing—the fashion."
I never would affirm, my friend,
(To see how folks misapprehend!)
That a good action grows a worse one,
For being done by any person.
I never will avoid the rabble
When right, because they're fashionable;
I only am not born along,
For fashion's sake, if they be wrong.
" Yes; sapient, philosophick wight
" You follow fashion where 'tis right!
" And pray, has any mortal seen you yet
" Make a neat bow, or walk a minuet?
" As much, I tell you, as a spire
" Is more esteem'd for being higher,
" Nobles have honour in a nation,
" Proportion'd to their exaltation."
And I allow to those great People
The same respect as to a steeple:
That one acknowledge they are high,
That one look up as one goes by;

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But not, however, that one's head
Must jangle bells, or carry lead.
" I wish you would leave off your joking,
" Nothing on earth is more provoking.
" With me such quibbles ne'er prevail.
" What must I give you then?—a tale?"
" Yes; I may listen to your story,
" But, as a joker, I abhor ye."
A tree once in a churchyard grew,
Some say, an oak, and some, a yew;
An elm, or walnut, some prefer,
One ancient *codex* reads a pear:
But that is neither here no ther.
Two stems must from its root have grown,
Though afterwards there was but one;
For t'other, hewn from parent stock,
Was made into a weathercock.
How did the village boys admire
When first he got a-top the spire!
But when he saw, so far beneath,
The woodland, meadow, cornfield, heath,
Road, river, cottage, hillock, plain,
He was you cannot think how vain:
So vain, indeed, that he design'd
To turn about the first fair wind,
And shake in scorn his yellow tongue
At the old stock from which he sprung.

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A flurry's long expected blast
Enabled him to move at last;
When, his head sparkling to the sun
He wagg'd a while and thus begun.
Fine company I was indeed in!
Hark ye, old log, is that your breeding?
Must a gold weathercock like me
Pay first respects to a poor tree?
In what high splendour am I born here?
You grovel in a churchyard corner,
Me all the parish come to view:
Pray, do they go to look at you?
You stand in dirt, must fall, and burn;
I turn, old boy; mark that—I turn.
Your shape—enough to frighten Nick!
Green, like a rusty candlestick!
My form how smooth! my skin how yellow!
Look, demme, what a clever fellow!
The solemn branches heave and sigh,
Then murmur slowly this reply.
If we be clumsy, you be limber,
What then? We both are of one timber.
Once a plain simple stick, when sold
You got a name, and you got gold,
Given by your masters, not your friends,
To fit you for their private ends.

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What made them raise you to that throne!
Your interest, coxcomb? no; their own;
"You turn," you say; we have a notion,
That something regulates the motion.
You say "men study you;" vain prater,
They study but your regulator.
Yet, cocky be of cheer: one finds
Such failings even in human minds.
Lord Lighthead's wavering foppery see:
A gilded weathercock is he;
That from the common timber hew'd,
And set up merely to be view'd,
About while fashion's light gales veer him,
Thinks all who look up love or fear him;
Thinks they admire, who only gaze;
And that all honour him, who praise.

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EPITAPH ON DIOPHANTUS.

WITH diagrams no more to daunt us,
Here sleeps in dust old Diophantus;
Who scorns to give you information,
Even of his age, but in *equation.*
A lad unskill'd in learning's ways,
He pass'd the sixth part of his days;
Within a twelfth part more, appear'd
The scatter'd blossoms of a beard.
A seventh part added to his life,
He married (for his sins) a wife;
Who, to complete her husband's joy,
Produced, in five years, a fine boy.
The boy, by the good man's directions,
Read Euclid, Simson's Conick Sections,
Trail's Algebra—was learn'd, was happy,
And had got half as old as pappy,
When, spite of surds and biquadraticks,
Death cured him of the mathematicks.
Poor Diophantus, you'll believe,
Did nothing for four years but grieve,
Then died.—GIVEN of a Grecian sage
The life and death: REQUIRED the age.

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EPITAPHIUM DIOPHANTI.

HUNC Diophantus habet tumulum, qui tempora vitæ
Illius mira denotat arte tibi.
Egit sextantem juvenis; lanugine malas
Vestire hinc cœpit parte duodecima.
Septante exori post hæc sociatur; et anno
Formosus quinto nascitur inde puer.
Semissem ætatis postquam attigit ille paternæ,
Infelix, subita morte peremptus, obit.
Ætates quatuor genitor lugere superstes
Cogitur. Hinc annos illius assequere.

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LETHE. A BALLAD.

THE FIRST STANZA BY GARRICK.

"YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
"Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;
"Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
"Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest:
"Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
"Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care."

The lawyer, whom Lethe prepares for a plea,
Shall remember his duty, forgetting his fee;
The doctor by kindness, not Latin, shall win ye,
And shall ask for your health, ere he look for your guinea.
Obey then the summons, &c.

The bard shall find mutton more savory than grass is,
And to sup in a tavern than starve on Parnassus;
While his lofty heroicks, and loftier garret,
He forgets in brisk trade, and snug rooms, and cool claret.
Obey then, &c.

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No more shall the student suck old Alma Mater,
But leave college and port, for elysium and water,
Leave his whims and bocardos to boys and the rabble,
And know, man's chief end is not merely to squabble.
Obey then, &c.

The soldier, for once if a soldier will deign
To drink vapid Lethe for sprightly champaign,
Shall perceive a distinction of courage from oaths,
And of love to his country from love to his cloaths.
Obey then, &c.

But ye who would scruple to journey so far on,
To shiver* on Styx, or to wrangle with Charon,
May sit still, if oblivion be all that ye ask,
And rejoice in the Lethe that spouts from the cask.
Obey then the summons, to Hogshead repair,
Drink deep of that stream, and forget all your care.

* Illa quidem Stygia nabat jam *frigida* cymbâ.

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THE

DESCENT OF TIMOTHY.*

TIM crawl'd on board; no phiz e'er sadder;
Step'd backward down the coal black ladder;
Then twisting sidelong, like a crab, in,
Stagger'd into the after cabin.
Him spied the dog of Newfoundland,
That by a bulk-head chanced to stand;
His chaps, whence fat and froth distill'd,
With well-gnaw'd bones of bull-beef fill'd.
Straight with neck upstretched he howls,
Eyes that glare, and throat that growls,
And with vociferations vain
Stuns the poor preacher's dizzy brain.
Onward his tottering Reverence hitches,
The deck beneath him rolls and pitches,
Till from its shelf an empty keg
Down dancing drives against his leg.

* This Parody of Gray's *Descent of Odin* alludes to some things that occurred in the course of a voyage to London

Pensive on a cask of gin
He sat, and stroked his aching shin;
While near him snored in drunken state
The carcass of the slumbering mate.
Facing to a starboard beam
Tim put to flight the seaman's dream,
Discharging thrice, in accents dread,
Yells, that almost might wake the dead:
Till the tost blankets part asunder,
And forth these sullen grumblings thunder.

MATE. What rascal with his thumps and screaming
Dares break the quiet of my dreaming?
Whose hand is this that pulls my head,
Labouring to lug me out of bed?
These ears have heard for weeks together
The long long roar of wintry weather,
Pumps, waves, ropes rattling, tempest squalling;
But such a pinching, and a bawling—
Zounds, I believe he'll twist my neck—
On deck, there, ho! ye dogs on deck,
What means this execrable yelling?
Have ye let all the fiends of hell in?

TIM. A traveller I, to thee unknown,
An honest man's and woman's son;
By hunger, thirst, and sickness undone,
And bound to Redriff first, then London,

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But whose is that mug, pray? and spread
For whom yon comfortable bed?
MATE. The bed's our captain's bed, d'ye see—
I wish you'd let a body be—
The mug, you mean that has the grog in?
That, master, is the captain's noggin.
He, good soul, must have his potion:
Thirst can reach the sons of ocean.
Unwilling I my lips unclose;
Leave me, leave me, to repose.
TIM. Once again my call obey,
Master mate, awake, and say,
Which way I to bed may go;
Pray have ye one for me, or no?
MATE. There on the floor mattress and bolster are;
Who wish for more may ask th' upholsterer.
Now my weary lips I close;
Leave me, leave me, to repose.
TIM. Master mate, my call obey,
Rouse yourself once more and say,
If in this ship a poor starved sinner
May sup; to day I had no dinner.
MATE. Sure, when you were on deck, Sir, you heard
Our cook a-scraping pots to leeward.
A sooty seaman blusters there,
Who never comb'd his lamp-black hair,

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Nor scrub'd his angry brow, nor pared
The bristles of his shaggy beard.
He by your chop or stake shall sit,
Hissing on gridiron or on spit.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, I beg you, to repose.

TIM. Once yet again awake, and tell us,
Who are those surly ragged fellows;
Why each about so madly hops,
Howling, and tugging tarry ropes;
Why at the slacken'd cords they swear,
And fluttering sails that flap in air:
Tell me whence this hubbub rose.
Then I leave thee to repose.

MATE. Ha! no traveller art thou;
Fresh water friend, I smoke thee now,
As ignorant a rogue as ever—

TIM. No mate genteel, polite, and clever
Art thou; nor ever wert a sailor;
But, as I rather guess, a tailor.

MATE. Hie thee hence, and thank my mercy,
Or rather drowsiness, that spares ye.
Hence! or I'll drive you: for no fellow
Shall break my sleep with his vile bellow,

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Till this cold pitchy cloud of night
Melt in the warmth of morning light;
That is, till four o'clock, or three, Sir,—
What, won't you go!—Here, Cesar, Cesar.—

Desunt cætera.

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TOM JONES.

THE beau buys Fielding's works complete,
Each page with rapture cons,
Sophias finds in every street,
And is himself Tom Jones.

To some gay girl his vows are given;
And soon he learns to tell,
That, when she smiles, he is in heaven,
And when she frowns, in hell.

Ague or Influenza soon
Comes on; he weds a wife:
The warm fits ends with one short moon,
The cold fit lasts for life.

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HORACE, EPIST. I. 5.

IMITATED.

JANUARY 1, 1787.

STUFF'D now and stunn'd so long, with feast and riot,
If you can pass an humble hour, in quiet,
From bows, and thanks, and compliments descend,
To talk plain friendly language with a friend;
Why then I give you joy, and all is right,
If you agree to sup with us to-night.
For wine to foreign lands we seldom roam;
Our patriot bowls with British porter foam:
Porter, with which not Whitbread would find fault,
Or the best he that deals in hops and malt;
However, lest your nicer taste should mock it,
Bring of your own a bottle in your pocket.
Come then; the ready plates your hand require,
And briskly burns for you the evening fire.
Leave bills and bonds, and let the law-suit cool,
And the pert fop forget, and pedant fool.
Now slipt from cold Futurity's embrace
The youthful months begin their jovial race:
Now games and mirth the tedious night beguile,
Now the glass sparkles, now the muses smile;

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And I, untouch'd with critick's blame or praise,
Hail the new year and you, in porter and in lays.
What cannot porter's mighty power dispose,
What art not teach, what secret not disclose?
Porter with hope the anxious bosom warms,
Porter impels the cowardly to arms.
Whom like bland porter does the wretch commend,
So sure a comforter, so firm a friend?
What miser tastes, but scorns the sordid ore,
Opes his old purse, and buys a bottle more?
Is there a spell, by witch or poet sung,
That tips with eloquence the coachman's tongue,
And makes him, high on alehouse bench reclined,
With Europe's interest swell his opening mind;
Makes him, with fist and mug, elate in hope,
Knock down the French king, and drink down the Pope;
And fill the coffers of the coming year
By taxing claret, and exempting beer?
No: these high deeds, to antient art unknown,
Porter, thy power performs, and thine alone.
Obsequious to your wish, my willing care
Shall smooth your napkin, and shall dust your chair,
And lay your knife and fork and luncheon snug,
And make each plate a mirror, and each mug.
No spy askance our homely supper views,
No prating idler full of lies and news.

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Here all are friends, pleased, and intent to please,
By chearful confidence, and careless ease ;
Who let a neighbour's conduct pass unknown,
And spare his errors, as they feel their own ;
Who wish you every joy to mortals given,
Content, health, peace, and, long hereafter, heaven.
Haste then ; leave your attorney in the lurch,
And slink in triumph through the postern porch.

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HORACE, EPIST. I. 18.

IMITATED.

"SI BENE TE NOVI." &c.

YOUR liberal spirit ne'er will condescend
To coax or wheedle, though you praise, your friend:
Flattery and fair applause as different seem,
As human language and a parrot's scream.
We hate the blandishment of the beguiler:
Yet is his opposite as vile, or viler;
That rough-hewn savage, whom we sometimes see,
Who calls ill-manner'd bluntness—honesty;
Yelps in your face, and snarls with dirty tooth,
And scorns, he says, to utter aught but truth.
Virtue's firm steps to neither side incline;
Her straight path lies a long the middle line.
The slave, whose very soul is not his own,
Who shrinks and shudders at a great man's frown;
Fawns for his food; and soothes and apes My Lord,
Repeats his phrases, licks up each fallen word—
Like schoolboy, watchful of the teacher's glance,
Who speaks in fear, and eyes the rod askance;
Or like an actor bungling in his part
On purpose to set off another's art.

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Not so gruff Honesty: the stubborn fool
Disputes it whether goats wear hair or wool.
Each trifle arms his rage: "That's kind, forsooth!
"A pretty story, Sir, to doubt my truth!
"Even life I value not; 'tis a disease,
"Unless I bark what, and at whom, I please."
And wherefore all this waste of angry breath?
What the great points to wrangle on till death?
Which way from Grub-street best to Bethle'm brings,*
And whether Quarles or Donne more sweetly sings.

Them, plunged and floundering in a sea of vice,
Whom fell Newmarket sinks, or desperate dice;
Them, who, from want of foresight wanting fear,
Through airy regions wing a mad career,
In arrant pride, though hardly worth a groat,
Drink Burgundy, and wear a velvet coat;
Them, who, in want, in rags, forlorn, and old,
Gasp, shiver, hunger, thirst, and all for gold;
Them, who start back afraid, ashamed, to see
The cold, pale, squalid form of Poverty;—
All these, though wicked even above their pitch,
Their neighbour scorns and hates,—for he is rich:
At least he warns them; and, like pious mothers,
Would wish more wisdom than his own to others;
And says, "My wealth" (and what he says is true)
"Allows me follies not allow'd to you.

* Bethlehem hospital is not far from Grub-street.

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" Friend, you are poor ; poor folk should not be fine;
" Go, go, contend not with a purse like mine.
" You must or may have heard, how sly Sir Bruin
" Gave scarlet suits to those he meant to ruin."
And what could be his purpose? " Can't you guess?
" Why, the fools grew luxurious, like their dress ;
" Would run in debt, and slumber till mid-day,
" And leave all business to attend the play,
" Haunt cockpits, boxings, billiards, races, stews,
" At length, sell cardmatches, or black your shoes."
If then both opposites alike offend,
How may one get, and how secure, a friend?
Thus—Be not rude, or mean, a droll, or sad,
But take the good in each, and shun the bad.
Search not your neighbour's undisclosed design ;
His secret keep though plied with threats and wine.
Nor with pedantick pride, and sneering tone,
Deride a friend's pursuit, or praise your own :
Nor, if he hunt, and kindly bid you come,
Reject the offer, to scrawl verse at home.
There lived of yore, as antient playwrights show it,
Two brothers, one a fowler, one a poet ;*
Each to his favourite art a slave ; yet neither
Could be at ease unless they were together.

* Horace calls them Amphion and Zethus: Cicero speaks of them as characters in a play of Pacuvius. *Ad Herenn.* cap. 43.

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What must be done? whom should our poet chuse,
And whom resign? his brother, or his muse?
He loved his brother; strife he wished to shun;
So quitted muse and quill, for dog and gun.
Profit by the example; it is best
That you yield to a powerful friend's request.
Then, trembling with delight when the steed bounds,
And the light beagle snuffs the welcome grounds,
Up, up! leave your dull lyre; grasp gun, ram cartridge;
And dine delightfully on hare and partridge.
Bold Britons love the sport, whose healthy charms
Inure to labour, hardihood and arms.
You long have loved it; you, whose ready eye
Bids with sure aim the level'd lightning fly;
Whose youth, in vigilance and vigour bold,
Dared to defy the heat, the damp, the cold.
And far and wide, untired, undaunted, go
O'er the bewildering heath, and mountain whelm'd in snow.
Nor say, as once you said in serious mood,
That those were foolish freaks of youthful blood;
That, as to sports, you never now go near 'em,
And only mind *quod decens atque verum.*
We know who puts of gravity the sham on,
Who fights *the twelfth of April* at backgammon:
We see your feats (what cannot poets see!)
When your friends come, agog for news and tea;

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When patriot zeal your gammon-board unlocks,
Fleets sail o'er points, and Rodney rules in box;
While you from right to left victorious pass,
Pelting, with ivory thunder, poor De Grasse.—
And feats like these offend nor bench nor throne;
G——— would applaud a game so like his own,
Great G———, whose eyes both sea and land inspect,
The guilty to chastise, the good protect;
As times demand, to risque, or to beware,
Now rapid force employ, now cautious care,
And, as adventurous Commerce prompts the oar,
Waft a world's treasure to Britannia's shore.

Next I explain (forgive that I presume)
How you must talk of others, and to whom.
Avoid the gabbling fool who gapes for news;
A vessel wide to take is wide to lose:
The pert inquirer asks, that he may prate,
And words once utter'd are recall'd too late.

Before you praise, explore with anxious view:
Another's fault may bring disgrace to you.
Oft by mistake th' unworthy we commend;
Him, who discredits you, no more defend:
But, if meek Worth repose upon your care,
In his defence no pains, no interest spare;
And him, whom Obloquy with rankling tooth
Gnaws, vindicate; nor fear t' avow the truth.

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Here, did no nobler thoughts your bosom warm,
Even your own danger might your courage arm.
When virtue envy's venom'd shafts pursue,
Haply a random bolt may glance on you.
A neighbour's wall on fire attention claims,
And broad and broader blaze neglected flames.
When my lord Leerwell's flattery soothes their ear,
Triumph the young and raw, th' experienced fear.
While your gay galley, with a flowing sail,
Dances before a fair but fickle gale,
Prepare, lest contrary a tempest roar,
Raise the rough surge, and dash you back on shore.
The lively hate the dull; the grave, the glad;
Th' alert, the slow; the jocular, the sad;
And midnight bellowers hoot him for an ass,
Who guzzles not a bumper in each glass,
Although he say and swear, that he could never
Drink half a pint of claret without fever.
No care your brow contract, no cloud defile;
Smooth it, and light it up into a smile;
There are who think the modest man, a log;
And him who will not tattle, a shy dog:
(Perhaps example, more than words, may show it,
So look, not to the poem, but the poet.*)
Ask of the wise, and learn, how down the tide
Of life you gently may, and safely, glide:

* The imitator rallies his own taciturnity,

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How of each vain and irksome wish be clear;
Each hope fantastick, and unmanly fear.
Oft ponder moral themes; and thus inquire:
Virtue—does learning form, or heaven inspire?
What to alleviate human care may tend?
Conscience how shall I make and keep my friend?
Where hope to find tranquillity serene
In the tumultuous, or the quiet scene?
Where myriads for renown and riches jar,
Or in th' unseen and silent vale afar?
Where winds the might of Dee's majestick stream,
Brightening the dusky wild with watery gleam;
When I, at leisure, on the murmuring brink,
Have sat me solitary down—to think,
Would you know what sets my fond heart on fire,
What wealth, power, honours, pleasures, I desire?—
May heaven still lend the little I possess,
Or, if too much that little give me less;
And, should a longer life my comforts crown,
Give liberty, to make that life my own;
Of books, a large; of viands, frugal store,
But fix'd, not trembling on the dubious hour.
May He, whose will th' immense of nature sways,
Grant me, of health and of protracted days,
What he deems meet. And O, to this be join'd,
Good heaven, that best of blessings, Peace of mind.

JANUARY 1787.

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DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

I.

ADDISON, JOHNSON.

ADDISON.

I AM happy in this opportunity of expressing my thankfulness for a work, which makes every friend of learning greatly indebted to you; as it gives additional strength and perspicuity to the best language now spoken upon earth.

JOHNSON.

No, Sir; if any thanks are to be bestowed on this occasion, it is my business to bestow them. Additional strength that cannot receive, which is not already strong; and more perspicuous that cannot be rendered, which is not already clear. The student may inquire, and the dictionary may retain: but, without the previous efforts of the author, in smoothing the rugged paths of grammatical literature, vain were the

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researches of the studious, and vain the industry of the lexicographer.

ADDISON.

But mankind have another cause of gratitude to you. You have endeavoured, and with success, to instruct them in morality, as well as in criticism. Your *Rambler*——

JOHNSON,

And how do you like the *Rambler?*

ADDISON.

I am sorry to say the style of it is not such as I can highly approve: it is more exceptionable than that of your latter works, your *Lives of the Poets* in particular. Yet even these have too many of the *dulcia vitia*, which some old criticks objected to in Seneca, whom I think you resemble in more respects than one. But the matter of the *Rambler* is in general excellent; if it be not in some places rather too misanthropical.

JOHNSON.

Aye, aye, misanthropical! So of me says every one who has viewed the tumults of the human soul only from a distance; who has perceived the more violent effects of prejudice and passion, without seeing from what causes they might have originated. You, Sir, passed your time in affluence, prosperity, and ease; supported by the applause of literature,

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and the patronage of greatness; you were kind to others, for others were kind to you, My genius bloomed in a desert; and from that desert it was not drawn, till the winter of life had repressed its vigour, and tarnished its beauty. My days were spent in sickness and in sorrow; agitated by fruitless hope, and chilled by unforeseen disappointment. That from this severity of external circumstances I might acquire a severity of external behaviour, why is it to be wondered? All men have their infirmities, and I had mine. Yet these consequences of adversity did not contaminate my heart; which was ever a friend to the best interests of mankind, and ever true to the cause of religion and virtue.

ADDISON.

I am not ignorant, that the manners of every man are affected by his condition, even as the fruit of a tree receives a tincture from the soil that produces it. Nor am I ignorant of your many virtues, which have secured my esteem and reverence, and will preserve to you the esteem and reverence of all good men, let petty criticks nibble at your character as they please. I know too, that, if there was a little peevishness in your writings and conversation, it must be attributed to bad fortune, and to no badness of heart: which made me speak slightly of those passages in the *Rambler* with which I am dissatisfied.

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JOHNSON.

But you threatened to object to my style: did you not?

ADDISON.

I did: I think it has too unwieldy and too uniform a dignity. In composition even excellence itself will tire, if continued without variety. And your very best performances, from too free an use of uncommon words, and from a constant endeavour at quaintness, antithesis and wit, are destitute of that simplicity, without which there can be no true elegance.

JOHNSON.

A very delicate observation indeed! and from one at whose hands I had a right to expect it! On whom have I lavished the honours of literary applause more liberally than on you? Have I not said, that "whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must "give his days and his nights to the volumes of Addison?"

ADDISON.

You have indeed bestowed on me greater praise than I deserve. But I can hardly think your praises of my style come from the heart, when I see you so unwilling to practise yourself what you recommend to others.

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JOHNSON.

Sir, I am not accustomed to speak but from the heart; nor will I ever recommend to others what I myself would not practise. I have laboured my style with the greatest attention: I have endeavoured to make it, as I wish it to be, close without obtenebration, perspicuous without languor, and strong without impetuosity.

ADDISON.

And my greatest objection to it is, that you have laboured it too much; or, at least, that its elaborateness is too apparent. It savours more of art than of nature, more of the midnight lamp than of the pure radiance of noon; and in your readers either produces inattention to the sense, while they are occupied in considering the words by which it is expressed; or makes them doubt the sincerity of one, who seems less concerned what he shall say than how he shall say it.

JOHNSON.

Your remarks are specious, Sir; they are specious; but they are specious only. They are the remarks of a man adapting rectitude to his own practice, not forming his practice by the rule of rectitude. And I will now declare, since you have driven me to it, that though I think your composition light and lively, and therefore recommend it as a model to ordinary writers, I cannot help observing in it a colloquial imbecility,

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to the standard of which a man of energetick thought could not, without danger of enervation, subject himself. A man of genius, Sir, will display the corruscations, or rather the steady lustre of that genius, equally by the manner and by the matter, equally in his sentiments and in his diction.

ADDISON.

To this I object not: but at the same time I beg leave to say, that genius may be as much shown in simple as in pompous writing. Artis est celare artem. And, if you would hear me with patience and impartiality, I might perhaps convince you, that it would not have been hurtful to your compositions, if you had softened their oratorical rigour with a little of that *colloquial imbecility* which you censure in mine.

JOHNSON.

Well, well; you shall be heard with patience. I must allow that you possess a facility of expression which is not unpleasant. You have a mind well furnished with the stores subservient to elegance and utility; but your thoughts are in energy deficient, because you are too little ambitious of adding ornament to elucidation. You have in you, Sir, too much of the playful and pliant companion, and too little of the dignity of an author.

ADDISON.

That I take to be a great compliment. And per-

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haps our present contrariety of opinion might make us mutually desire the conversation of each other; since you are as willing to object, as I am to be praised; and since I receive as commendation what you speak as censure.—However, you have allowed me to examine your notions of style, and I will not defer that topick any longer. You will doubtless agree with me that speech was intended to convey the sentiments of men from one to another; and that, therefore, its first and most essential quality is, to be understood.

JOHNSON.

Yes: I admit that language must be intelligible; and that it was fabricated as a vehicle for human cogitation.

ADDISON.

Since, then, we agree in this, you will also allow that of two words having the same signification an author ought to prefer the more intelligible.

JOHNSON.

I might perhaps agree with you in general upon that point. But are there not words, sullied by the mouth of the multitude, which from meanness, or vulgarity, become unsuitable to the majesty of composition?

ADDISON.

If a word, conveying an idea with meanness either inherent in itself or acquired by association, be compared with another word which conveys the same idea

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without meanness, the significations of those words are in some degree different, and therefore they are not included in my proposition.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps you may be right. But are there not words whose venerable magnitude gives them an elegance and a dignity superior to that of the more diminutive parts of speech? Cant words, and vulgar words in general, are short. Your friend Swift will tell you so.

ADDISON.

Yes: but he will not tell me, that short words are always either cant, or vulgar.—I allow, that in certain circumstances, even in prose, one word may be preferable to another for the sound only. But I can never admit, that sound is more valuable than sense; or believe, that a reader, when he meets with a word he does not understand, will think his ignorance compensated by his discovering that the word in question consists of six or seven syllables, and ends with *—ation* or *—osity*. If it were to be established as a rule, that one expression should be preferred to another for the sound merely, without its being considered whether common readers could understand it or not; we might soon expect to see the words *answering* and *noisy* banished from our language, that their place might be supplied by the Greek *Poluphloisboio* and *Apameibomenos*. I must therefore maintain, that one word

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is to be chosen in preference to another for the sake of the *sound*, only when the sense is in both exactly the same, and in both equally perspicuous.

JOHNSON.

And I must, I think, give my assent to your former proposition thus limited and explained. But surely you do not mean to insinuate, that an author must use no word which cannot by the vulgar be understood.

ADDISON.

By no means. I know that an author may have occasion to mention many things that the common people do not understand, and therefore have not language to express. But I still think, that he ought to prefer a word which the vulgar can understand to one which they cannot, if it convey the same meaning with equal elegance.

JOHNSON.

I see that you adhere to your rule, and will oblige me to agree with you.

ADDISON.

Do you then renounce *fragility*, *detruncation*, and other unwieldy things, whose sense may be expressed in plain English with equal elegance and much greater perspicuity?

JOHNSON.

Sir, Sir, you have a puerile mode of argumentation, which you must have learned by conversing with the

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rabble of London in your diurnal papers: my periodical lucubrations had a loftier aim. Make me a speech to confirm your doctrine, and I will confute it; write me a system, and it shall be overturned; but do not harrass me with the assiduous importunity of question and inference, as if you were putting interrogatories to a school-boy. I never intended that every word to be found in my dictionary should be considered as a good word.

ADDISON.

If my arguments are just, do not reject them as childish; and remember your promise, that you would hear me with impartiality and patience.

JOHNSON.

Well: perhaps I may be inclined to allow, that my diction might have been improved in intelligibility, by the removal of such words as those you object to. But where then would have been the cadence of my periods, the pomp of my sonorous phraseology, the—

ADDISON.

You agreed with me, that in style perspicuity is the first thing to be considered; and that it is to be embellished by attention to the sound, only when that can be done without injury to the sense. But, even with regard to sound, do you think that Virgil would have been accounted an harmonious poet, if he had continued through the whole Eneid that strain of ver-

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sification, however elegant and sublime, in which he describes the storm in his first book; or that Homer would have been, in your opinion, to be commended, if he had related the meeting of Penelope and Ulyssus, or the parting of Hector and Andromache, with the same thundering impetuosity of numbers, which he employs upon the stone of Sisyphus, or the horses and chariot of Neptune?

JOHNSON.

No: I allow, that harmony of style is merely relative, and deserves praise only when it suits the subject; and that the same strain of eloquence, if too long continued, induces languor from its want of diversification, as well as displacency from the appearance of excessive art.

ADDISON.

Is it your opinion, then, that the pompous uniformity of diction, which we find in the *Rambler*, can please by its variety; or that it can be adapted to each different subject, when it is equally applied to all:—to the trifling as well as the magnificent, to praise and to censure, to argument and to narrative? Do you not think, that the same objections may be made to the structure of your style, as to the sound; if both ought to possess, what you have given to neither, variety suited to the subject? And would not one be apt to imagine, that an author, who, by the sound and com-

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position of his language, elevates equally sublime and familiar ideas, might run some risque of falling under the imputation of bombast?

JOHNSON.

Sir, you grow intolerable: but when were whigs otherwise? You still forget that you are not now engaged in disquisition with one of the populace of London. Yet I would not have you imagine, that such arguments can affect or change my mind. No, Sir, if I cease to answer, it is more from lassitude than from conviction.*

ADDISON.

And yet my arguments are not, in my judgment, either tedious or inconclusive. But you promised not to be angry or partial; and I know you too well to entertain any *serious* doubt of your sincerity. A little irony now and then is a good seasoning to conversation. Tell me now, my good Sir, your real opinion, and let us then amuse ourselves with some topick more suitable to the tranquillity of elysium.

JOHNSON.

Why, Sir, if you will have it, I may possibly allow,

* Though Johnson appears to some disadvantage in this Dialogue, it is but just to remark, that the Author held in high veneration the genius, virtues, and learning of that great man; with whom he had the honour to be acquainted.

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that you are partly in the right. If I had my style to form anew, I should perhaps make it, in a greater degree, elegant without constraint, dignified without ambitious ornament, strong without rigidity, and harmonious without elaboration.

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II.

SOCRATES, JOHNSON, AND A FINE GENTLEMAN.

AUGUST 1787.

SOCRATES.

HOW vain, and how contradictory, are the joys and the wishes of man! How many inhabitants of the earth are now lamenting the death of Doctor Johnson; while we rejoice in it, as an event that adds so valuable a member to the society of elysium!

JOHNSON.

Aye; what will become of that pack of yelping authors, now when old Johnson, the whipper-in, is gone from among them?

FINE GENT.

However they may delight in the remembrance of your elaborate conversation, or the elegant title of a *yelping pack* which you so politely confer upon them: at least they will allow the name of *whipper-in*, to be-

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long not improperly to one, who was much more ready to punish than to praise: and who, fretted by the folly or the incivility of a few individuals, let fly his unmerciful lash upon the whole community of mankind.

SOCRATES.

My friend, let me advise you to be a little more cautious in forming your opinions, and more guarded in your expression; at any rate be not so eager to deserve the reproach you are bestowing upon another:—do not, offended by a little superstition, or disgusted with a little unpoliteness, attack indiscriminately a man adorned with so many excellencies both moral and intellectual. I am somewhat apprehensive, that you might, on this occasion, be convicted of misrepresentation, as well as partiality. Have not many writers, instead of despising or resenting the chastisements of Johnson, been at pains even to collect every fragment of his lash (if I may refer to your own allusion) and to twist them, interwoven with flowers, into an ornament for the head of their master?

FINE GENT.

Into a scourge for his back, I suppose you mean, good Socrates. Johnson has been compared to Acteon, who was worried by his own dogs: or, if you will have my allegory in the form of a garland, I must declare myself of opinion, that those blundering bio-

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graphers have girt their wreathe about the neck of their favourite character, instead of the brows, and so strangled what they were impatient to adorn.*

JOHNSON.

Sir, if I were still relaxed by the imbecility, or agitated with the passions, of mortal life, I might answer your folly with the severity it deserves. Had those biographers been able to injure my character, they durst not; had they dared, they were not able. My infirmities I have ever acknowledged, and with humility and regret I still acknowledge. My abilities, surely, did not make me the object of contempt, or my virtues of abhorrence; either, I hope, I did not overrate: I have endeavoured fairly to estimate, and candidly to declare, my excellencies (if any thing human may be so called) and my defects. Of both these, to him who would distinguish himself, or improve others, the knowledge is necessary: of his defects, that confidence may not swell into pride; of his excellencies, that the modesty of distrust may not shrink into the torpor of timidity. If I was subject to the frailties of humanity, what does it prove, but that I was a man? If I recommended, by the subtlety of argument if I supported, by the impudence of example, if I de-

* This was written several years before the publication of Mr. Boswell's Life of Johnson, which the Author never saw.

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corated with the splendour of wit, or enforced by vehemence of declamation, doctrines hostile to religion and to goodness, brand me with all the infamy that language can express or malevolence contrive: but if my ability, such as it was, I exerted in the defence of virtue and the discomfiture of vice, I apprehend no danger from the assiduity and eloquence, either of you, Sir, or of my biographers.

FINE GENT.

And yet, before I left the upper world, no fewer than three volumes had been published concerning your sentiments and behaviour; which volumes, as several people of fashion have assured me, can do little credit to your principles and candour, in the opinion of the present age or of posterity.

JOHNSON.

Yes, Sir, I have been told, I shall not say by people of fashion, but I will say by persons of veracity, that some writers have been very industrious to record Anecdotes of Johnson; and to represent as serious and solemn philosophy what I might have retorted hastily, in the moment of fretfulness, perhaps under the pressure of disease, or ironically hinted in the confidence of playful conversation. This is an age, Sir, of ignorance and loquacity; all are very willing to talk, and almost all are very

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unable to think: and they who have nothing to say of their own, are glad to say something that has been said by others. Thus my sayings have been inquired after with curiosity, and collected with avidity. The preference usually given of obloquy to praise may be unpleasant, but is not unaccountable: what was most agreeable to the biographer himself, and what he knew would be most agreeable to his readers, he readily observed, was careful to remember, and willingly told; and the harsh features of my character became most remarkable; not because they were the most numerous; but because, being somewhat prominent, they were by the firebrand of malicious inquiry most strongly illuminated. No man of sense needs be told that of the little railleries, which give flavour and poignancy to familiar conversation, more must be judged from the manner in which they are delivered, than from the words: the latter my biographers have been studious to record; the former they have been no less studious to conceal, or perhaps they had not skill to exhibit.—But, let the rabble, both small and great, affix to the words Samuel Johnson any idea they please; of such I scorn alike the applause and the disapprobation. I seek the praise of the good, the judicious, and the learned: and he who has prudence, erudition, or charity, must be willing

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to gather my principles rather from what I have written, than from the prattle of a gossip; who is more anxious that a story be entertaining, than that it be true; whose observation may be erroneous, and whose narrative may of course be imperfect. From the sentiments of posterity I have little apprehension. I trust my writings will be read and esteemed, when those of *some* of my biographers (I do not say *all)* shall no where be found.

FINE GENT.

That man must have very little confidence in his own character, who is unwilling that it should be examined and recorded.

JOHNSON.

Sir, I hope I have no reason to be diffident of my character; although I may have good reason to distrust some of those who have undertaken to describe and analyse it: a person of integrity and innocence submits reluctantly his cause to the care of an ignorant pettifogger, and the verdict of a temerarious jury. That man will not write paltry tales who can write any thing better; and he who can write nothing better will write nothing good. Anecdote is but a small part of the materials from which the careful historian collects a character: he who is able to rear the edifice will not employ himself in compounding the mortar. * * * *

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III.

SWIFT, A BOOKSELLER, AND MERCURY.

BOOKSELLER.

TO enjoy *in future* the company of a gentleman, whose *consequential* character *in the literary line* I have long *made up my mind upon*, is a pleasure which I *set great store by*, though obtained by the loss of my *existence*.

SWIFT.

Pray, friend, where did you learn your English?

BOOKSELLER.

I was born and bred in London, and of such *marked* regularity in my *line of conduct*, that no man could charge me with a single act of *incivism*, or any thing that *went* to the *disorganization* of the society of which I was a member. I served an apprenticeship to a *tiptop* bookseller; and have often heard the most learned authors discuss points of literature: I have seen them, Sir, for hours *on their*

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legs, and *going into a variety of matter.* The deuce is in it, if I do not speak English of the newest and very best pattern.

SWIFT.

In what part of the town did your learned authors find kennels and dunghills to wade into in the way you mention? Fleet-ditch, I am told, is now decent; and has not half that variety of filthy matter, dead cats and dogs, drowned puppies, and stinking sprats,* which it formerly had. But first of all, friend, what was your last employment in the other world?

BOOKSELLER.

In place of *negativing* your questions as *inimical,* though I own that *at this first blush of the business* they appear so, I shall be happy *on the instant* to *meet your ideas,* and *narrate* what you *desiderate,* not doubting of being *well heard.*

SWIFT.

Sir, I am not deaf now, as I was in the other world: I shall hear you well enough if you speak distinctly. I ask, what trade you followed.

BOOKSELLER.

You mean, I suppose, in what *professional line* I was bred. I hinted already, that my employment was to *bring forward* to the view of the publick *at large* the *ideas* of the learned: in other words, I was in the ty-

* See Swift's description of a city-shower.

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pographical and *bookselling lines;* and am *free to say,* that in both *lines* my *line of conduct* was *indicative* of *exactitude* to a *degree.* I *netted,* Sir, although my *expenditures* were not small, so considerable a sum, that, on the *demise* of my wife, who *resigned her existence* about a year ago, I *sported sables* in my own *gig and pair.* I *had in contemplation* a seat *in the Commons;* but——

SWIFT.

So; you were a bookseller. In my time, however, the idea of a learned man could have been comprehended by the *large publick,* or the *publick at large* (how did you call it, pray?) without the help of an interpreter. But perhaps I did not take your meaning.

BOOKSELLER.

Dear Sir, what *unfounded ideas* you *bring forward!* You take me up *on a ground* entirely different from that on which I intended to *meet you.* I have formerly *set store by you;* having heard you *held forth* as one who had secured the *marked* approbation of many. You seem inclined to *maltreat* me, but have said nothing that *militates* against me as a *professional* man, or *goes* to *substantiate* any charge *inimical* to my character. And since you are pleased to be *provocative,* I am *bold to say* that some of our best criticks *scout* and *reprobate* your yahoos with the most *marked* energy; complain, that they *feel* squeamish when they think of them; and *have the idea* that descriptions of that *description* can

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be agreeable to readers of no *description.* I have heard one author, whose name has long been *inregistrated* in the annals of literature, affirm that they are *disgusting to civilization.* A justice of the peace of my acquaintance *committed himself*——

SWIFT.

The deuce he did! the laws as well as language of England must be greatly changed of late years. Go on, Sir, perhaps I may at last understand you.

BOOKSELLER.

I say, the justice *committed himself,* that he would prove your diction as well as imagery to be low and vulgar; that it has nothing of the *ton* in it, no long sonorous phraseologies, no appearance of your being *conversative* in antient or foreign language; nothing, in a word, but what the common people may understand as well as the most learned men in the kingdom.

SWIFT.

Was there ever such a fellow! Hark you, Sir, do you know whom you speak to, or what you are speaking?

BOOKSELLER.

Most *decidedly,* Sir; but *fellow me no fellows* if you please. Your writings, however great their *publicity* may once have been, *have had their day;* they are now a *boar,* Sir, a mere *boar.* I *took more money* last winter by the *Passions of Werter,* than I have *taken* by a seven years sale of the lucubrations of Swift.

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SWIFT.

Werter! what is that?

BOOKSELLER.

Have you never heard of Werter? what an illiterate out-of-the-way world is this! You can have no *fashion* among you; nothing *clever* or *sentimental*, nothing that *implicates reciprocity* of the finer feelings. Why, Sir, Werter is one of the most *eventual** and *impressive* of all our *novel* novels: the demand there is for it *outbounds* your comprehension. You smile; but what I say is *a truism*. If you would *be agreeable* to hear, I would give you a *statement* of some particulars. Werter is a true hero, and in his *line of conduct*, as a person of the highest honor and fashion, most *correct*; though a German by birth, he must have kept the best company in France; and so extraordinary a scholar, that he actually carried a Homer, a Greek Homer, Sir, in his pocket. But misfortune *ingurgitated* him in the very lowest *ebb* of distress. His affections were *captured* by a neighbouring gentleman's lady, with whom he wished to have a *sentimental arrangement*, a little *flirtation*—(you understand me)—an *affair of gallantry*, I mean; and whose cruelty *fractured* the good young man's heart, and made him *temerariously* put a termination to his *existence*.

Eventual and *Eventful* are confounded in the new fashioned jargon.

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SWIFT (*to* MERCURY *entering.*)

You come in good time, Mercury. Our friend Horace says, you were famous in your day for eloquence, perhaps you may be able to interpret some of this learned person's gibberish. He was speaking of one Werter.

MERCURY.

I overheard all that passed, so you need not recapitulate. Those same Passions of Werter I have seen. Werter tried to corrupt his neighbour's wife, and not wholly without success; but, finding the lady not quite so forward as he wished, he left her in a rage, blew his brains out with a pistol, and (if we believe some men of rhime who have been whimpering on the occasion) went incontinently to heaven.

SWIFT.

Is it possible that so silly a tale can be popular?

MERCURY.

It is possible, for it is true, or, as this gentleman would perhaps say, is a *truism.*

SWIFT.

I am glad I have got out of that vile world. It was in my time so bad, that I foolishly thought it could not be worse; but now it must have renounced both common honesty and common sense. But whence comes it, that I understand so little of this man's English?

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MERCURY.

Would you have Englishmen of the present age speak the language of Queen Anne's reign?

SWIFT.

Certainly. Why did Addison and I and some others take so much pains to improve and fix the English tongue? Should we have done that, think you, if we had imagined that, in so short a time, it would be so miserably altered and debased? But who are they who thus take it upon them to disfigure the language, and by so doing to discredit the literature of England? Not surely the most respectable part of the community. Men of true learning and good judgment are anxious to preserve the purity of language. Those barbarous idioms I take to be the manufacture of illiterate and affected persons, who mistake grimace for elegance, and assume the appearance of learning because they know nothing of its reality.

MERCURY.

You are a pretty good guesser, my old friend. But you must know there is now, in the world you left, a most vehement rage of innovation in language, government, religion, and every thing else. That a thing is new, is now a sufficient recommendation, however inconvenient it may be, however unnatural and unseemly: nay the more unnatural it is, the better chance it has of coming into fashion. On the British stage, with

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infinite applause young and beautiful actresses perform sometimes the parts of highwaymen; and some singing actors squall in an affected voice resembling, and intended to imitate, that of women: the most humorous dramatick pieces are frittered away into s ng: and I should not be surprised to hear, that henceforth Miranda and Juliet are to be personated by grim-visaged grenadiers seven feet high, and Falstaff by a slender miss just entered in her teens; that Hotspur and Henry of Monmouth are to fight to the tune of Lillibullero; and that Hamlet and Cato will sing their respective soliloquies in a dance accompanied with a Scotch bagpipe. Similar remarks I could make on other publick exhibitions. The pulp——

SWIFT.

We will, if you please, defer these to another opportunity. In the mean time I wish to hear more particulars of the degeneracy of the English tongue, and of the principles on which it seems to have been conducted. It is a subject, you know, which engaged my attention not a little, while I was on the earth.

MERCURY.

Would you have me give you the arrangement and natural history of chaos!—However, though I cannot pretend to enter so minutely into so complex a business, I shall offer a few directions, which would enable you, if you were so disposed, to make English *of the newest and best pattern* as well nearly as this learned

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bookseller.—My first rule is a very comprehensive one: "Avoid short words as much as possible, however "significant and well-sounding, especially if they be "of English or Saxon original, and universally under-"stood; and, in order to raise admiration of your "learning, use, in their stead, longer words derived "from the Greek, Latin, or French." Instead of life, new, wish for, take, plunge, &c. you must say *existence, novel, desiderate, capture, ingurgitate, &c.* as —a fever put an end to his *existence*—

SWIFT.

But that would mean—annihilated him both body and soul.

MERCURY.

True; but language is not now thought the worse for being ambiguous; and ambiguity of manner is not in less request than ambiguity of phrase: it is considered as a proof of consummate urbanity, when a writer, even a writer of history, and of ancient history too, so disguises himself, that his reader cannot find out whether he be in jest or earnest. Besides, I needs not tell you, that by many genteel people death and annihilation are supposed to be the same thing.

SWIFT.

Proceed, if you please.

MERCURY.

Instead of a new fashion, you will do well to say—

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A *novel* fashion; for this looks like French, and this by the common people will not be understood. For the same reason, and to show your skill in the Latin tongue, say, not—I wish to be quiet, but,—I *desiderate* quietness, or rather *quietude*: and you must on no account speak of taking the enemy's ships, towns, guns, or baggage; it must be *capturing*. About twenty years ago, when this word was imported, I heard a surly English ghost remark, that, since his countrymen had learned to talk of *capturing* ships, they seemed to have lost the art of taking them; but Rodney, Hood and others have since proved that he was mistaken.

SWIFT.

You mentioned plunge as an unfashionable verb.

MERCURY.

Ingurgitate is more genteel; because it is long, uncommon, and sonorous, and to those who have no Latin, utterly unintelligible. He was *ingurgitated in the lowest ebb of distress* is fine language.

SWIFT.

Ebb, that must mean *abatement* of distress.

MERCURY.

Formerly it might have been so; but you may now see *lowest ebb* used for *greatest depth*, and it is thought elegant, because new. I know not whether I mentioned *sort* and *kind* as unfashionable nouns; they are

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quite vulgar: *description* being longer, and of Latin original, is thought much better than either, whatever harshness or confusion it may occasion. Our friend the bookseller gave a good example, when he said, of your description of the yahoos, that descriptions of that *description* can be agreeable to readers of no *description*.—But of this part of the subject we have had enough. Proceed we now, therefore, to rule the second, which is this: "Always, when you can, prefer figurative to proper expression, and be not nice "in the choice of your figures, nor give yourself "much trouble about their consistency."

SWIFT.

That is just the contrary of what I used to recommend. A few examples, if you please.

MERCURY.

Instead of—He spoke an hour on various topicks, you must say—*He was an hour upon his legs, and went into a variety of matter:* an idiom, which is now very common, and much admired; because it is *figurative, verbose,* and *ambiguous*: three qualities of style, which are now, among fashionable writers and speakers, indispensable.—Instead of—He undervalues his enemies —say, *He sets no store by his enemies,* or rather, *He sets no store by those who are inimical to him. Inimical* is a great favorite, though they who use it are not yet agreed about the pronunciation of it. It came in at the same time with the verb *capture,* and from

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the same quarter. Unfriendly and hostile must both give place to *inimical;* the former, because it is mere English; the latter, because, though of Latin original, it is universally understood.—Instead of—At first view, you must say—*At the first blush of the business. Hold out* is a figurative phrase of very general use: every imaginable conception of the human mind is now supposed to have hands and arms for holding out something.—Letters from Spain *hold out* an *inimical* appearance: This plan or idea *holds out* great advantages: Distress of mind is *held out* by physicians as the cause of his bad health.—But I see you grow impatient, and shall go on to my third rule, of which I gave a hint already. "Avoid conciseness, and use as many words as possible." When you speak of a man's conduct, you must always call it, his *line of conduct*: and instead of an authentick narrative,—you must say, a narrative *marked with authenticity.* Indeed, the words *line, meet, marked, feel, go,* and some others, may be used on all occasions, whether they have meaning or not: as—He was received with *marked* applause, *marked* contempt, *marked* admiration; *meet* your wishes, *meet* your arguments, *meet* your support, *meet* your ideas, *meet* your feelings, *meet* you on any ground, &c. Then as to line—every thing is now a *line.* You must not say, He is in the army, but, He is in the *military line,* or

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in the *army line*; nor, He is bred to business, but, He is bred *in a professional line.* So, instead of, He is a hair-dresser, clergyman, printer, perfumer, merchant, fisherman, &c, you will be laughed at if you do not say, He is *in the hair-dressing line, in the clerical line, in the printing line, in the perfumery line, in the mercantile line, in the fishing line,* &c. *Feel* has become so very fashionable, that your old English substantive verbs, *Am* and *Be* are in danger of being forgotten. Instead of—I am anxious, I am afraid, I am disappointed, I am warm, I am sick, He is bold, They are ashamed, The room is damp, The day is cold, &c. you must say, I *feel* anxious, I *feel* afraid, I *feel* disappointed, I *feel* warm, I *feel* sick, He *feels* bold, They *feel* ashamed, the room *feels* damp, the day *feels* cold, &c.—His arguments *went to* prove, &c. Accounts from Spain *go to* say that, &c. This, because more verbose, is thought more elegant than—Accounts from Spain say—His arguments proved, &c.

SWIFT.

Those people seem to be put to hard shifts to make their books and speeches long and enigmatical. But surely such affectation cannot be universal.

MERCURY.

It is not. In the British senate, and in some Bri-

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tish pulpits, you might hear strains of eloquence that would do honour to Demosthenes, and transcend the abilities of Tillotson and bishop Taylor. You formerly admired Bolingbroke as a speaker, but were you to hear Mr. P——

SWIFT.

Bolingbroke was a shallow fellow, though I own he imposed on Pope and me; but on a better, wiser, and more learned man than either of us, I mean Arbuthnot, he did not impose: the doctor understood him well. Bolingbroke's ostentation kept his ignorance out of sight, and because he was positive we thought him penetrating. He could turn a sentence so as to make it sound well; but it was all *words, words,* as Hamlet says. For my part, you know I never valued those modulated periods, as I think your criticks call them; brevity, simplicity, and proper words in proper places, form, in my opinion, the perfection of eloquence. But I interrupt you.

MERCURY.

I mentioned the necessity which an English writer, who aims at popularity, is now under, of using long words: I ought to have added, that it is also thought genteel sometimes to shorten ordinary expressions. For *reformation* every body now says *reform*; this being French, and the other vile old English: instead

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of—for the future, it is fashionable to say *in future*; and beautiful (or ugly) *to a degree*, instead of—to a great degree. The last example has also the advantage of being elegant on account of its ambiguity: as the following very fashionable phrases have of being not merely ambiguous, but unintelligible: he *sported sables, scouted the idea, netted a cool thousand*, has not *made up his mind*, &c.

SWIFT.

These indeed are such jargon, that I can make nothing of them. But I suppose they hardly deserve interpretation.

MERCURY.

In Elysium they do not deserve it; but in Great Britain you would be stared at as a prodigy of ignorance and rusticity, if you should seem ignorant of their meaning.—I know not whether I told you of a rule, which in the fabrication of this new dialect is much attended to: "Affect uncommon terminations "as much as possible." Instead of reference, preference, commitment, approbation, &c. say *referral, preferral, committal, approval*, &c. and the *transferral* of property, instead of the transferring of property. But above all, to show your great learning, affect terminations of a Greek form, as—*ism*, and—*ist*; as

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truism for truth, *agriculturist* for husbandman. Since boxing became a fine art———

SWIFT.

Boxing is a blackguard art: who made it *fine*, pray? There were said to be only four fine arts in my time; and one of them, *Fiddling*, I could never prevail on myself to honour with that appellation. I acknowledge only three, Poetry, Painting, and Architecture.

MERCURY.

There are many fine arts now: Dancing, Tumbling, Wagering, Gaming, Legerdemain, Horse-racing. Face-painting in both sexes, Cockfighting, are all fine arts, and Hair-dressing is a very fine art.—But, as I was saying, Since Boxing became a fine art, it is quite vulgar to call a professor of it a *Boxer*. Some learned innovator, having heard of the Latin *Pugil*, thought of introducing it; but *pugil* was too diminutive a name for a thing of such magnitude; and therefore, clapping to it part of a Greek termination, he made it *pugilist*; which being instantly adopted by the *dilettanti*, (or admirers) of boxing and new words, gave rise to the adjectives *Pugilistick*, and *Pugilistical*, as in this example,—" We hear *it is in* " *contemplation* to *run up* a *novel* and *superb* pavilion " at Newmarket for *Pugilistical* exhibitions." *Pugi-*

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listicism and *Pugilisticity* have not yet appeared, but are every hour expected, and I will venture to insure them a favourable reception.

SWIFT.

Nay, good Mercury, I am afraid you are now going too far, and at your old trade of putting tricks upon travellers. However I thank you for your information, though you have made me sick of the subject. I see my friend Addison coming this way; it will require an hour even of his conversation to wear out the disagreeable impressions left in my mind by this abominable detail of vulgarity, pedantry, and barbarism.

THE END.

J. M'Creery, Printer,
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